

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 391.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1826.

Price 6d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Foscari: a Tragedy.* By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. 8vo. pp. 82. London, 1826. G. B. Whittaker.

HAVING successfully passed the ordeal of an admiring and metropolitan audience, the tragedy of *Foscari* is now enthroned in public approbation. Well worthy is it of so high an honour; and we are pleased that a portion of the odium so long attached to the dramatic literature of the present day, has been taken off by its production. Miss Mitford's *Julian* was a performance of much merit; but her present work is infinitely its superior. Chaste, elegant, and correct, the language is in due unison with the action of the plot, and each character is contrasted with much ability. In the verse the fair author has attained a happy medium; it is not too loftily built, nor yet too prosaic: where dignity is required, it swells into fine declamation; and in the colloquial passages, it descends not to common-place converse: the euphony of line is preserved in each, and a just and proper perception of nature is visible in all: nor are there portions devoid of sweet poetry; but even they are tempered to, and amalgamate with, the interest of the scene. We shall refer our readers to the dramatic portion of our number, in which the critic has given a detailed analysis of the plot, and shall proceed at once to satisfy the eager curiosity of our friends. The late period of the week in which this tragedy was published, (Thursday evening,) must prove at once our zeal, and an apology for briefness. We quote the following noble speech of the Doge *Foscari*, in reply to the senators, who, urged on by *Erizzo*, demand the resignation of his high office;—would we could give the entire scene, which is replete with powerful talent!

'That I am old, and that I love the people; Are these my crimes? Oh I am doubly guilty! I love them all, even ye that love me not! I cannot choose but love ye, for ye are Venetians, quick and proud, and sparkling eyed Venetians, brave and free. Ye are the lords Of the bright sea-built city, beautiful As storied Athens; or the gorgeous pride Of Rome, eternal Rome; greater than kings Are ye Venetian nobles—ye are free; And that is greatness and nobility, The source and end of power. That I have made

Liberty common as the common air, The sun-light, or the rippling waves that wash Our walls; that every citizen hath been Free as a senator; that I have ruled In our fair Venice, as a father rules In his dear household, nothing intermitting Of needful discipline, but quenching fear

In an indulgent kindness: these ye call My crimes. They are my boasts. Yes, I do love

The honest artizans; there's not a face That smiles up at me with a kindly eye But sends a warmth into my heart, a glow Of buoyant youthfulness. Age doth not freeze Our human sympathies; the sap fails not Although the trunk be rugged. Age can feel, And think, and act. Oh, noble senators, Ye do mistake my crime. I am too young; I am not like to die; and they who wait Wax weary for my seat. I do not dote.'

The above is beautifully appropriate;—in truth, the whole of the second act is surpassingly fine.

The description of *Foscari's* speed to meet *Camilla* breathes pure poetry:—

*Cos.* 'Love and his bondman Time Will conquer anger. We must now submit. Tomorrow—'

*Fos.* Oh! what a long life of love Must I give up! To-morrow! I am here, Here in this happy Venice, which she makes The palace of her beauty, where the air Is sweetened by her breath, and her young voice

Floats on the breeze like music. I am here— Divided from her but by envious walls, Clouds that conceal my sun. Hadst thou but seen

How I urged on my mettled courser's speed, My matchless Barbary horse, till his pure jet Was pounced with snowy flakes: or how I strove

To graft my hot impatience on the dull And sluggish boatmen; or with what a stroke I cleft the water; or how leapt ashore—

*Cos.* I can believe 't—

*Fos.* That I might sooner gain By one half hour her presence! And to bear This longing till to-morrow! Thou must say All this and more, much more, of love and hope

And fond impatience. Tell her—

*Cos.* Thou thyself Shalt tell her these sweet things, mixed with a world

Of lovers' eloquence, of looks and sighs, And broken words. Aye, *Foscari*, thou thyself!

*Fos.* But how? Where? When?  
*Cos.* To night. For one short hour Steal from the feast its hero. My good father, Who, like a bird, foreruns the summer sun, Seeks his nest early. Thou mayst ask for me And find *Camilla*.

*Fos.* Blessings on thee, friend!

The annexed has an intensity of action about it: *Francesco* is to be tried before his father, for the alleged murder of *Donato*:—

'*Erizzo.* Is all prepared for trial?

*Officer.* All. The doge Approaches.

*Senator.* Will the doge preside?

*2nd Senator.* He comes.

How different from his step of yesterday! How hurried, yet how slow!

*Enter Doge and Count Zeno.*

*Zeno.* Let me assist

Your highness.

*Doge.* No.

*Zeno.* His robes encumber him; Support them.

*Doge.* Why will you torment me, sir, With this officious care? *These flowers are naught.*

*Go bring me pungent herbs, hyssop and rue And rosemary; odours that keep in sense— I have forgot my handkerchief.*

*Zeno.* Take this.

*Doge.* I am an old man newly stung with grief—

Thou hast forgiven me, *Zeno*? Are ye ready? Where is the accuser?

*Eriz.* May it please your highness Call forth the prisoner.

*Enter Foscari, guarded.*

*Cos.* Oh not thou, good Doge; Spare those white hairs!

*Doge.* *Dare not to pity me!* Sir, those white hairs are lichens on a rock. I tell ye, sir, since yesternight my blood Is dried up in my veins, my heart is turned To stone; but I am Doge of Venice still And know my office. Fear me not, *Francesco*! *Francesco Foscari—Sir, is he there?* *My eyes are old and dim.*

*Fos.* I am here, father!

*Doge!* I am here.

*Doge.* *Francesco Foscari,* Thou art arraigned for the foul midnight murder Of the senator *Donato*. Art thou innocent? Or guilty?

*Fos.* Canst thou ask? The fresh born babe That knows not yet the guiltiness of thought, Is not from such crime whiter.

*Doge.* Gracious Heaven I thank thee! Now the weight is off my soul. I sinned in my black fear.

We unwillingly end our quotations with the part of the fifth act in which, after the condemnation to banishment of the younger *Foscari*, *Camilla* seeks her brother *Cosmo*, previously to embarking with *Francesco*:—

'*Cosmo.* What wouldst thou? How may I comfort thee? Sweet gentle soul, Her tears are jaggers. Speak.

*Camilla.* And thou wilt listen?

*Cos.* Patient as infancy.

*Cam.* He goes to-night;

And I—nay, start not.

*Cos.* What of thee?

*Cam.* And I—

We were betroth'd; he goes a sentenc'd wretch—

But innocent, most innocent! He goes To scorn, to exile, and to misery, And I—I came to say farewell to thee My brother—I go with him.

*Cos.* Ha!

*Erizzo.* She raves.



Look how she trembles; she is overwatch'd;  
This is a frenzy.

Cam. Sir, I am not mad;  
I'm a Donato born, and drank in courage  
Even with my mother's milk. What if I shake!  
Within this trembling frame there is a heart  
As firm as thine. Speak to me ere we part,  
My brother! Speak to me, whatever words,  
However bitter! Any thing but silence,  
Cold withering silence!

Cos. Sister!

Cam. Bless thee, bless thee,  
For that kind word!

Cos. My sister, sit thee down.—  
Misery hath brought her to this pass.—Camilla,  
We had a father once—he's slain. Wouldst  
thou

Join this white hand, which he so lov'd to  
nould

Within his own, the soft and dimpled hand,  
With one—

Cam. Oh, pure as thine! Believe it,  
Cosmo;

Pure as thine own!

Cos. We have no father now,  
And we should love each other. Stay with me.  
I am no tyrant-brother: I'll not force  
Thy blooming beauty to some old man's bed  
For high alliance; I'll not plunge thy youth  
Into that living tomb where the cold nun  
Chants daily requiems, that thy dower may  
swell

My coffers; I but ask of thee to stay  
With me in thy dear Venice, thy dear home,  
Thy mistress, mine. I'll be to thee, Camilla,  
A father, brother, lover. Stay with me.  
I will be very kind to thee.

Cam. Oh cruel!

This kindness is the rack.

Cos. I would but save thee

From exile, penury, shame—

Cam. He said so.

Cos. He!

Cam. Aye, he urg'd all that thou canst say  
against

Himself and me—in vain. My heart is firm.

I go. But love me still, oh love me still,

My brother!

Cos. Listen.

Cam. He said all.

Cos. Camilla!

I'd save thee from a crime, a damning crime—  
Did he say that? From such a parricide,  
Such unimagined sin—I tell thee, girl,  
The Roman harlot, she the infamous  
That crush'd her father with her chariot wheels,  
She'll be forgotten in thy monstrous guilt,  
Whitened by thy black shame.

Cam. Oh, father, father,  
I call upon thee! Look on me from heav'n,  
Search my whole soul—'tis white. Oh, when  
some tale

Of woman's truth brought tears into my eyes,  
How often hath he said—Be thou, too, faithful  
In weal or woe! And now—farewell! farewell!  
Cosmo, my heart is breaking—Say farewell,  
Only farewell!

Cos. Stay with me.

Cam. No.

Cos. Then go.

Outcast of earth and heaven, of God and man!  
Abandon'd, spurn'd, abhor'd, accurs'd! Go  
forth

A murderer's bride—worse! worse! What im-  
pious priest

Will dare profane the holy words that join  
The pure of heart and hand for ye, for ye,  
The parricides—Oh, that she had but died  
Innocent in her childhood.

Cam. One day, brother,  
Thou'lt grieve for this. Now bless thee!

It will be seen, from the foregoing extracts,  
that our praise has even been scantily bestow-  
ed. We take leave of Foscari, with this im-  
pression—that either in the closet or on the  
stage, its many and exalted excellencies will  
be equally discernible.

*The Tor Hill.* By the Author of Brambletye  
House, Gaieties and Gravities, &c. in three  
vols. post 8vo. pp. 986. London, 1826.  
Henry Colburn.

MR. HORACE SMITH, the author of the work  
before us, has been long known to the liter-  
ary world, as possessing much talent, espe-  
cially in sketches of character, and in witty  
and playful poetry. We had no idea that  
an historical novel, as in his first essay,  
(*Brambletye House*), could have been pro-  
duced by him with so much perception of  
character, striking incident, and continuous  
interest. The transition of subject and style  
was one developing a diversified ability. The  
success attending his former efforts has roused  
and fostered a latent enthusiasm, and the *Tor  
Hill* is ushered into the world as his professed  
production. There were faults in *Brambletye  
House*, which we thought its author  
would avoid in a subsequent attempt, but  
we find, on a careful perusal, that they have  
multiplied rather than decreased.

The chief merit of Mr. Smith is in his out-  
line of character, more particularly in the de-  
lineation of chivalric and stout-hearted bear-  
ing. His Sir John Compton was at once  
unique and perfect; the sentiments of the  
jolly cavalier were in accordance with his  
rank and the age in which he lived, and his  
hospitable generosity and ideas of lavish ex-  
penditure were more than heightened by the  
wish of contrasting reckless conduct with the  
meek and hypocritical demeanour of the  
roundheads and puritans. But our author's  
chief heroes and heroines are usually insipid,  
and the minutiae of his plots are by far his  
best creations. In *Tor Hill*, as in *Bramble-  
tye House*, he has been inconsistent in some  
of his characters, and seems to have forgotten  
the line of march he originally intended them  
to pursue: independently of this, the anti-  
quarian research he exhibits, the olden  
phrases and words, meetly introduced and  
spoken, form pleasing light and shade, and  
with a due admixture of appropriate incident,  
combine to render his productions worthy of  
that commendation and success which they  
have hitherto met with.

*Tor Hill* commences with Sir Giles Hunger-  
ford, of the Tor, and his nephew and esquire,  
Poins Dudley, issuing into the streets of Ca-  
lais, which town was then in the possession of  
Henry the Eighth, of England. This wor-  
shipful knight is commander of the Lantern  
Gate, to which station he is assigned to pre-  
vent his marauding exploits against the  
French. Restless under his inactivity, his  
reckless heart vents itself in reproaches  
against the supineness to which he is obliged  
to submit. The description of the town is  
good, and the rough utterance of the knight  
extremely expressive of his character. In a  
foray, many of the adventurers, then resi-

dent in Calais, for the purposes of booty and  
plunder, are entrapped by the Gallic country-  
men, overcome, slain, and barbarously man-  
gled. A survivor carries the doleful news,  
and Sir Giles, setting at defiance the duties  
of his station, heads an avenging party, burns  
the village in which the massacre took place,  
and allows a portion of his band to revenge  
the death of their comrades. On his return,  
he is intercepted by a superior French force,  
bravely meets them, and, at last, is conveyed  
as a prisoner, in a cart, to Montreuil, with  
the barb of an arrow in his cheek. His con-  
versation to Dudley, on the way, is among  
the best things in the work:—

“Alas the while! sir,” said Dudley, as  
he walked by his side; “it was an evil hour  
and an unlucky deed, when you first altered  
the old gear of your armour. It ever mis-  
trusted me, that a shrewd blow of a mace or  
battle-axe would make the beaver start from  
the sockets of the plackard, and doleful is it  
to think that you should pay so dear for be-  
ing wrong in your principle.”

“God’s precious, sirrah!” cried the  
knight, starting up in his cart; “what mean  
you by ‘wrong in my principle?’ I tell thee,  
thou doddie-pate, it is the rarest improvement  
in head-pieces since the alteration of the bass-  
net-piece and the barbet; and this would  
have been as staunch a morion as ever stood  
the brunt of two-handed sword, had not the  
cozening armourer (for which may the hang-  
man have the twisting of his neck!) tackled  
it with treacherous solder. ‘Wrong in my  
principle,’ forsooth! When our brave king  
would assay a new harness of his own, at tilt  
with the Duke of Suffolk, and his visor, stick-  
ing in the joint, left his face clean naked,  
and the duke struck him on the coif-scall  
with such force that his lance was splintered  
by the counterbuff, to the great peril of his  
highness’ life, I showed him that, had he worn  
one of my improved helmets, he could never  
have been placed in such jeopardy, and his  
grace’s armourer forthwith borrowed this very  
head-piece for a pattern.”

“Would he had kept it,” said Dudley,  
“and hammered it into a cook’s porringer,  
so you might have worn one of the old fa-  
shion, and have ‘scaped this ugly wound.”

“Tut! boy, ’tis but as a spur to the old  
war-horse. I have had an arrow in my flesh  
before to-day. ’Twill be the better for bleed-  
ing thus freely: but, sooth to say, it makes  
me an unseemly figure; and as my beard is  
sodden, I would fain let it trickle over the  
cart-side.”

“Any one who had noticed the grisly coun-  
tenance of Sir Giles, with an iron arrow-head  
sticking in his cheek, and the gore streaming  
down his beard into the road, as he propped  
himself upon the edge of the vehicle, would  
have deemed that he was travelling his last  
journey, and that his thoughts would be of  
the priest and the next world; and yet to  
listen to him, it might seem that he was whole  
of body, and hearty of cheer, and bound to  
some gallant tournament; for his talk was of  
nothing but feats of arms in battle or at bar-  
rier, and of every species of warriors’ accou-  
tremment; still, however, bringing round his  
discourse to his own incomparable improve-

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ments of all sorts, but particularly in the mode of uniting the vizor, the beavers, and the plackards.

Again—"Before Heaven!" cried Dudley, "I wish you had worn to-day an old St. Crispin's helm, that had seen service at the battle of Agincourt, rather than this new head-piece with all its improvements; for methinks your wound runs fresher than before, and you are likely to leave your best blood upon the road, ere we can cross the drawbridge of Montreuil. Prithee, my good fellow," he continued, addressing the driver in French, "put your beasts to better speed, and it shall be some silver livres in your pocket, your prisoner is a gentleman and a knight, and has quick need of the duke's surgeon."

"Tush, boy!" exclaimed the knight, somewhat testily; "a little blood will soon turn a man's beard into a red flag, and I tell thee once more, my wound is nothing, though 'tis pity I drew not out the head, and that the arrow splintered in my hand: whence I conclude it was not of yew, or ash, or hornbeam, but rather of sallow or fir, as is the wont with these bungling French, who can neither make fletcher's gear properly, nor use it when they have it."

This discourse is further carried on with characteristic knowledge of the olden implements and manner of warfare. But alas! not all the armorial tact of Sir Giles can prevent his death; this we lament, as Tor Hill is in consequence robbed of one of its most interesting characters. We shall quote part of the dying knight's instructions to Dudley, as elucidatory of subsequent *dramatis personæ*:

"It is known to you that my singular good friend, Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, saved my life at the battle of Flodden, for his hardy deeds, on which day he was knighted on the spot. You are well aware that my kinsman, Lord Hungerford, is of evil fame, and a blot to our escutcheon, whom I need not care to endow with my fortune; for yourself, you are already sure of rich heritage, and will moreover receive goodly portion with the daughter of Sir Eustace Poyns, to whom you are affianced. I have therefore provided by my will, that if your cousin Cecil, my only child, should die without issue, all my manors and estates, lands, houses, and hereditaments, should devolve upon Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, in gratitude for my preservation at Flodden. To him have I intrusted the management of all my affairs in England, for which purpose I gave him up my house of The Tor; and knowing him by good warrant to be an approved soldier, I have to him also confided the education of my boy Cecil. From my long absence in the wars, I have not, for some years, seen either England or my son; and, by Saint John Baptist! my good Dudley, it draws blood from my very heart to tell thee what sorry tidings I learn of him; for Sir Lionel ever writes me word, that he is not only of feeble frame—a misfortune which might have been well endured, but that he is of so dastard, craven, and womanish a spirit, as to dislike the great horse and the lance, the bow and the sword, and all exercise of arms and knightly practice."

"My cousin is yet young," said Dudley, "and you state him to be sickly. Doubt not, that with better years and health, a more fiery spirit will be kindled, and that he will yet prove himself a true and valiant Hungerford."

"Alas the while! my good Poyns, I have not told you all; for his guardian adds, that he is shy and sullen, shunning all accost, and ever puling and moping in the mumps; and moreover, that he fears his faculties to be so frail, that he will grow up to be little better than a simple-witted innocent. Wherefore, as I would not that he should be enrolled a knight, only perchance to prove a recreant to the order, and a dishonour to his lineage, it is my will that he should never wear harness, but marry so soon as he comes to man's estate, in the hope that he may raise up an heir more able than himself to sustain our honours and our escutcheon; and finally, as I wish not a race of gulls, dotterels, and dunces, to descend from his loins, and as Sir Lionel and his present tutor are doubtful of his wits and hopeless of his scholarship, I desire that he may be straightway placed with the Abbot of Glastonbury, who is a good and learned clerk, and moreover well skilled in the breeding of youth. Now tell me, my good Dudley, do you bear all this clearly in your mind? and will you promise to be as faithful to me after death, as you have been in my life-time, by conveying these instructions to Sir Lionel, and caring that they be carried into strict execution?"

"Every particular is impressed deeply on my mind," replied Dudley; "and I pledge myself to see your wishes fulfilled; but were it not well that you should record them in a letter, that so I may have warrant to Sir Lionel?"

"Right, boy, right; and prithee indite it for my signature incontinently, for I was ever more ready at handling a lance than a pen; and now, when both head and hand are beginning to fail me, I should make but a sorry scribe."

Dudley withdrew to prepare the letter, and, returning when he had completed it, presented it to his uncle, who, as he signed it, uttered the first sigh that had yet escaped his lips, and exclaimed, in a regretful tone—"Ah, Dudley, Dudley! I shall soon lie in the dark and deaf grave, where I shall neither see harnessed knights, barbed steeds, and brandished lances, nor hear herald cry to the onset at tilt or tournament. My heart shall leap no more at the loved sound of the trumpet: I shall never more spur Roan Runymede among the spears, nor sit at gay banquet, nor listen to minstrel's song, nor gaze upon the bright eyes of beauty. Farewell, my goodly mansion of the Tor, my parks and manors, my wide chases and pleasant woodlands! I shall never again make ye echo to the bugle-horn, as I hunt the stag, nor ride merrily amid your green trees with hawk and falcon. Let me, at least, have my helmet hung up in Glastonbury Church, with a brass inlaid stone beneath, that it may be hereafter known there was once such a knight as Sir Giles Hungerford, of the Tor!"

After the interment of his uncle, with all

due honors, Poyns Dudley, taking with him Pierre (a light-hearted though faithful French servant), departs for England, with the double mission of delivering to Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, the letter of Sir Giles Hungerford, and of viewing his affianced wife, the daughter of Sir Eustace Poyns. The scene then changes to the good town of Wells, in Somersetshire, at a rustic hostelry, kept by the widow Sib Fawcett. Here the art of the novelist is very apparent, and the colouring is worthy of Teniers. Among an heterogeneous rabble of country plebeians, Father Frank is eminently brought forward: the superstition inherent in the boors of England at that period—their customs and manners; the jollity of the monk, whose hilarity smacks of the raciness of a merrie heart; together with the talents of the hostess, in discriminating the resources of her various customers; form one of the best *morceaux* of the three volumes;—the Great Unknown could not have done it better. The revels of these good people are interrupted 'by the clamour of some one calling without, "What ho, house! house! open door, ye deaf and boozing bumpkins!"

"Uncourteous as were the terms of this mandate, it was immediately obeyed by Sib Fawcett, when a heated and unbonnated man presented himself, whose figure and face, not less than his imperious manner, gave intimation of some personage of distinction, although the quality of his habiliments was rendered utterly undistinguishable by a casing of mud and clay, which almost enveloped him from top to toe."

This obstreperous intruder is no other than Dudley, who had met with a strange adventure in Wokey Hole, amid the Mendip Hills, on his way to the Tor House. After extricating himself from a bog, equal to the famed ones of Ireland, into which he, with Pierre, had fallen, he seeks assistance, leaving his servant up to his middle in the mire, singing a French air with all the volatile feeling of his native country. Father Frank, with the aid of Dickon, the landlady's son—"a toward scholar," and "a sturdy, broad-shouldered, bull-headed rustic," relieves poor Pierre from his perilous station. Dudley takes up his lodgings at the Tables, and there is first acquainted with the character of Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, who, dreaded by rich and poor, has the extra advantage of being thought connected (by his uniform success in vanquishing all opposition,) with the black art of witchcraft:—

Dudley accidentally mentioning, as they proceeded, that he was travelling forward to Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice of the Tor—

"Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice!" exclaimed the friar, stopping short and crossing himself:—"Saint Mary defend us, marry and amen! Am I then walking with a friend of Sir Lionel's?"

"I know him not, nor have I ever seen him," replied Dudley; "though I am charged with a message to him of some importance."

"Ware the hawk—ware the hawk!" cried the friar; "and if thou art a soldier, as thou sayest, remember it is wise to have a buckler against a battle-axe, and a southern



bill against a northern bassard; and recollect that a hint to-day is better than a help to-morrow. *Ad præsens ova cras pullis sunt meliora.*"

"Thanks, good father, even for the hint; but that it may the better speed me, I would fain know the nature of the danger against which it is to guard me."

"Bone Deus, my son! in these parts folks scarcely dare whisper to their own hearts what they think of Sir Lionel, and am I to babble of him to a stranger? Dickon, my child, tarry behind us, and walk with Will Mattock and yonder man of clay, who, if the sun holds thus hot, will be nearly turned to earthen-ware before we reach the Tables. No, my son," he continued, addressing Dudley in a lower tone of voice; "perhaps I have been rash to have put thee on thy guard; wherefore I shall only say, Trust not his smiles, nor what he may say unto you with his face, for there is nothing in him that speaketh but his tongue, and his tongue serveth but to conceal the language of his heart."

"So may he well be distrusted," observed Dudley; "but why he should be thus deeply feared, I do not see."

"You see not the devil nor the powers of darkness, and yet you do well to fear them, and those who are leagued with them. You know not what manner of man is he, of whom we are speaking, nor may I more plainly tell you. In the bidding prayer, we pray for all archbishops and bishops, and all abbots, priors, monks, canons and friars, and all men and women of religion, as well as for all parsons and curates, vicars, priests, and clerks, and for all good Christians, more especially for them that give to the church, book, bell, or candle, chalice, vestment, surplice, water-cloth, lands, rents, lamp, or light; and yet when we have thus done, we have not prayed for Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice of the Tor."

Unheeding this intimation, Dudley proceeds to the residence of the terror-inspiring knight, is received with formal politeness, delivers his credentials, and becomes a guest at the Tor House. In this portion of the work there is much ability shown; the contrast between Sir Lionel and his thrifty, economical, yet good-hearted lady, is well developed, nor is Beatrice, his daughter by a former wife, without a claim on the reader's notice. During his stay, Dudley discovers the imprisoned Cecil, and finds that the account of that youth's imbecility is merely a feint of his guardian, to hold possession of the extensive domains of the Hungerfords. About Sir Lionel's conduct much mystery is thrown, and Dudley courts more the company of the daughter than of the father. Beatrice, although naturally haughty, becomes in some degree enamoured of the stranger, with whom much of her time is passed in music. A considerable portion of twaddle, mingled with brilliant passages, is interspersed over this part of Tor Hill, which, if omitted, would have given more decided reality to the prominent characters. The visits of Dudley to the captive Cecil Hungerford, are not accomplished without notice; and eventually Sir Lionel taunts him with this knowledge; re-

crimination ensues:—we quote the conclusion of an incident replete with interest:—

"I thought I had to deal with a man of honour," said Dudley, scornfully; "it is too clear that I am mistaken."

"I looked to be interrogated by a coxcomb and a brainless boy," replied the knight, with a provoking calmness, "and I find that I was right."

"Knave and usurper!" cried Dudley, almost choked with sudden passion, "my sword should chastise this insolence, and do me instant justice, but that the bar of thy base birth protects thee from its point."

"Ha! hast thou uttered the unforgiven word?" cried Sir Lionel, leaping upon his feet, and tearing his rapier from its scabbard, while his eyes flashed fire, and his nostrils dilated with uncontrollable wrath; "draw, and defend thyself, ere I spit thee like an unresisting calf; for, by heaven and hell, thy doom is sealed!"

"Thy base blood be upon thine own head!" said Dudley, unsheathing his weapon, and throwing himself into an attitude of defence; "come on, villain, and meet thy fate, for some good angel whispers me that mine arm is destined to avenge my cousin's wrongs, and the death of thy slaughtered victims."

"Thou wilt find it a lying spirit, boy!" exclaimed Sir Lionel; and eagerly crossing his sword with that of his antagonist, he made two or three fierce lunges, which were dexterously parried; for Dudley, as we have already mentioned, was an almost unrivalled master of the weapon: but when the latter attempted to become the assailant, his rapier, wrested from his grasp with a violence that almost dislocated his wrist, flew upwards till it struck the ceiling; and at the same instant his opponent, rushing forward, made a furious pass at his throat. The steel glided through his ruff without wounding him; but so forceful was the thrust, that the hilt of the sword struck him so as to make him reel, and the active and athletic Sir Lionel, again pressing irresistibly forward, bore him to the ground, and leaped exultingly upon his prostrate body. Grasping his throat with one hand, and uplifting his invincible sword with the other, he looked down upon him for a moment with a triumphant scowl, and then exclaimed, "To hell, insolent meddler as thou art! and tell the Lord Dawbeney, Sir Launcelot Wallop, and Master Trevor, 'twas I that sent thee!"

Totally unable to rescue himself from the clutch of his gigantic assailant, already did Dudley see the fatal weapon gleaming before his eyes—already had he abandoned himself to his seemingly-inevitable fate, when a piercing shriek echoed through the apartment, and Beatrice, rushing precipitately forward, threw herself upon her father, and arrested his uplifted arm, at the same time screaming out—"My father! my father! would you murder your guest beneath your own roof?"

"Off, unduteous girl! begone, audacious minx!" cried the knight furiously; "were he ten times my guest, he dies the death!"—He struggled to disengage himself; but she clung to him with a force scarcely inferior to his

own, and, looking upon him with an expression of inflexible determination, exclaimed, in a firm and resolute voice—"Kill me you may, but you shall not drive me from you!"—Sir Lionel rose, with the apparent purpose of shaking her off by sheer strength; but he had no sooner liberated Dudley, than she cried out, "Fly, sir, fly! my father is mad, and knows not what he does:" while she still grasped her parent's arm with undiminished vigour.

Seeing that no time was to be lost, and feeling that there was little disgrace in retreating from one whom he firmly believed to be assisted by sorcery and necromantic aid, Dudley arose, picked up his rapier, bowed with a grateful expression to Beatrice, and, quitting the apartment, walked across the great hall, hurried along the causeway, and turned his back upon the Tor House, agitated with a variety of contending emotions, but still soothing his wrath and mortification with the conviction, that his hitherto-unconquered sword had not been wrenched from his hand by mortal power, but the unholy and unopposable mastery of devils.

We shall resume next week.

*Thoughts on Domestic Education; the Results of Experience.* By a MOTHER, Author of *Always Happy, Claudine, &c.* Post 8vo. pp 374 London, 1826. Charles Knight.

To no voice could we listen more respectfully than to that of an intelligent mother on the subject of Domestic Education; for assuredly none has so many and such irresistible claims upon our attention and regard. The union of ability and experience forms the valuable teacher; and who has better opportunities of acquiring the latter, than a female of the description we have specified. That the present writer is one of this class, we needed not the evidence of this able manual to inform us. All her previous works have evinced that peculiar sort of talent which can be inspired and perfected only by the influence of home virtues and domestic happiness; and the treatise now before us bears the same beautiful and attractive character. It has yet a further recommendation. Unlike the eccentric author of *The Genius and Design of the Domestic Constitution*, (whose volume we reviewed in our 381st number,) she builds no fairy fabric, promulgates no questionable theory, prides herself on no debatable hypothesis, spreads before us no visionary prospects of imaginary perfection. Too wise to waste her powers in Utopian fancies of what society may become,—she surveys it as it is, and aims at improving its condition and insuring its future happiness, by the better direction, more judicious management, and complete purification of the sources of all its good or evil. A brief dedication to the three daughters, 'in whose service and for whose use the work was written,' is succeeded by the following short but important preface:—

'The author of the following work once asked the father of a numerous family, if he had read the admirable publications of Miss Hamilton and Miss Edgeworth on education?

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'He dryly answered, "I would read them, were they the compositions of a Mrs. Hamilton and a Mrs. Edgeworth."

'As he was a man of sound judgment and considerable experience, his remark made a deep impression, and first elicited the idea of a maternal work on the subject. The author immediately commenced her memoranda of all she had tried and all she effected. The following pages are the result of twenty years' experience in a family of six children, three sons and three daughters.

'As the composition of a mother on the subject of education, perhaps this work stands alone; and may prove useful to the young governess as well as to the young mother.'

The preliminary remarks abound with excellent hints as to the most advisable methods of instilling early knowledge, and here the author hesitates not to expose and condemn the wrong, whilst she explains and earnestly recommends the right. This portion of the work demands and deserves the serious attention of all who feel interested, (and who is not?) in the subject here discussed; we, however, are compelled to hurry forward, and present our readers with specimens of the style and nature of these Thoughts, which, as the 'result of experience,' are calculated to serve those who are without it, and to point out the path of improvement to such as have neglected or abused it.

From the first part of the work, which is appropriated to the rudiments of education, we select, under their respective heads, three examples of the plain practical good sense which characterise these pages:—

'*Arithmetic.*—At six years old, both boys and girls can commence arithmetic; for the first initiatory lessons into this science, it is important that the pupil should be taught to associate ideas of things, with numbers. Let not figures convey abstract ideas; but as much as possible let their meaning be understood; in the smaller amounts this may easily be done. The figure to be accompanied with the number of objects it denotes; count six marbles, or six of any other article, and then, writing the figure, inform the child that is the mark which denotes the number he has just seen counted. Miss Hamilton has published an ingenious tract on this subject, and, judging by her other works, no doubt, it is excellent. Pestalozzi also recommends the association of things with ideas, in the initiation into arithmetic; a basket of dried beans, or the mother's box of card-counters, would well suit the purpose; and each of the four first rules of arithmetic, may be thus rendered intelligible to the conceptions of children; but these initiatory lessons must be given gradually, and frequently repeated; because the preceptor easily and clearly understands the question, he is too apt to think his pupil does so too; a fatal mistake, which, by causing irritation in the instructor, and alarm in the pupil, produces vexation to both.'

'As far as a hundred may be easily counted with visible objects, as marbles, beans, &c.; then place the beans in parcels of various numbers, and calculating the amount of all the parcels, gives a lesson in addition. Some other day, (for no two rules, in fact

no two branches of knowledge of any kind, should be taught closely following each other, lest confusion of ideas should ensue,) some other day, let a smaller heap of beans be collected, and a certain number be picked from it one by one, and this operation be performed with various numbers, till a clear idea of subtraction is impressed.

'Let the child be now informed that he is acquainted with the whole secret of arithmetic, that the two rules he has learnt are the fundamental principles of the science of numbers; suggesting at the same time that the endless variety of calculations, and the inconceivable amount of numbers, to be expressed and worked by these simple rules.

'Next explain that multiplication is but another form of addition—division another form of subtraction;—and, continuing as much as possible to associate the idea of things with abstract numbers, slowly proceed to develop the beautiful science of arithmetic.

'Boys may perhaps make a more rapid progress, but if girls begin arithmetic at six years old, and have an hour's lesson in it, three times a week, in four years, that is, at ten years of age, they will be well versed in the four first rules, and capable of proceeding to the higher branches; how far they should proceed, is a point to be decided by the parent. If studying it largely and deeply bestows the power of judicious reasoning, most important should be the study; Mr. Gibbon expresses his happiness, that he had given up the study of mathematics, "before his mind was hardened by a habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence." But few are the minds capable of the abstruse and profound ratiocination of that of the erudite historian of Rome.

'Without entering into it so deeply as he seems to have done, might not a disposition for proofs and demonstration be extensively useful in a moral point of view; women are generally reprobated for the irrational facility with which they credit and repeat rumours; now such carelessly believed and disseminated reports are very commonly the foundation of almost all the dissensions and heart-burnings that embitter society; would a predilection for proofs and demonstrations tend to prevent this irrational belief, and this careless repetition? If it would, a moderate study of the first books of Euclid would be a most indispensable branch of female education.'

'*Dancing.*—It is difficult for rational observers to consider dancing in any other light than as an amusement; yet great pains seem to be taken to render it a study demanding much close and serious attention. Healthy children, accustomed to enjoy the free use of their limbs in the open air, will want little tuition to become good dancers—will not need collars, stocks, remonstrances, and reproofs to teach them to hold up their heads and turn out their toes. By running, jumping, skipping in gardens and fields, moving their feet and their hands without restraint, and looking freely about them up to trees and stars, and around to flowers and play-

fellows, they will too often stretch the sinews of their legs, and bend the joints of their ankles, and draw up their necks and heads, to run the risk of moving heavily and clumsily, and of carrying themselves ungracefully.

'As, however, in civilized countries, certain movements constitute the grace and elegance of dancing, children had better be early taught the most common steps in vogue. A twelvemonth of tuition, say from seven to eight, will suffice to give the prompt little pupils a good notion of time and regulated motion. After that, they may go on dancing to their mother's pianoforte, whenever she pleases to indulge them with a country dance or Scotch reel, and be as merry and as graceful as they please. At twelve or fourteen years of age, another year or two of tuition may fit them to join in the dances then in vogue. As the fashion is continually changing, this instruction to the girl just budding into the young woman may be useful and agreeable.

'If dancing has one pre-eminent charm, it is the charm of artlessness. Can this charm exist, if the dancer's thoughts are absorbed in the desire of self-exhibition? No; then let not self-exhibition for one instant creep into the mind of the young dancer. By conversation, by example, by every possible medium, inculcate that we dance to amuse ourselves, not to exhibit ourselves. Do not even let us praise a child, without remembering this aim. Let us not say, "You dance prettily;" let us say, "You dance very merrily." Let not the fond mother exclaim, "Come, let me see you dance;" but, "Come, will you have a dance?"

'It is this principle that reconciles us to the disuse of that most elegant movement, the slow minuet; for can there be a more positive self-exhibition than that of standing up to dance a minuet? If dancing is a mirthful recreation, how can it be enjoyed with the gravity of a funeral march, and to the time of a funeral dirge? Or how can a solitary pair expect to taste it in all its hilarity? Surely only in festive bands can it be thoroughly relished; for then sociability gives zest to the amusement, the smile of glee flies contagious through the group, an awkward movement adds but to the general gaiety, and the act itself is found a sufficient gratification without the aid of applause from flattering spectators.'

'*Study.*—In a life of Madame de Stael, written by Madame Necker de Saussure, it is said, that that celebrated female advised, "L'étude indépendamment de succès, la bonté indépendamment de la reconnaissance." Advice highly useful to every age, and which a mother may inculcate into youthful minds.

'For really knowledge is valuable enough to be desired for its own worth, without that expectation of exhibition and superiority which too commonly attends the pursuit; and the less the mind is looking abroad for the reward of its labours, the more secure it is from disappointment, and the more likely it is to select the useful rather than the glittering branches of learning. Montesquieu happily says, "Il ne s'agit pas de faire lire,



mais de faire penser ;"—and Cicero remarks, "that men lose their happiness by acting to obtain popular praise, rather than the approbation of their own conscience." Boileau also very happily satirizes this common infirmity:—

"C'est là de tous nos maux, le fatal fondement,  
Des jugemens d'autrui nous tremblons follement,  
Et chacun, l'un de l'autre, adorant les caprices,  
Nous cherchons hors de nous, nos vertus et nos vices."

'If a mother has collected many sayings of the wise, and extracts from the witty, she may find it assisting to make her young pupils familiar with them. An anecdote timely quoted, a line appropriately repeated, may make a powerful and beneficial impression on the ductile minds of listening youth.'

Of the high and original tone of morality which pervades this excellent work, we could quote many edifying proofs; but the idea of *limits* which haunts the reviewer's mind as eternally as the scarcely less tangible weight of chains affects that of the fettered captive, compels us to refer the reader to the book itself, for the pure feeling, nice discrimination, and profound reflection exhibited in the chapters appropriated to 'Truth,' 'Benevolence,' 'Patience in Sickness,' and 'Virtue its own Reward.' Of the skill with which the author enlists anecdotes and illustration to enforce her arguments, we quote two impressive examples:—

'On Positiveness.—To preserve the young from habits of positive assertion, they must be made to understand that they incur the charge of falsehood, if what they have positively asserted prove untrue. Now, on every subject, there is so little rational proof for certainty, and there are so many causes that mislead, confound, and deceive, that the wisest generally assert with the most diffidence.

'As an amusing instance of the variation of opinions and conclusions, on a very simple subject—the etymology of a word, the following memoranda may be noticed to youthful readers and talkers:—

'Moors. A corruption of Medes—Sallust. Moors, or Berbers, coming from Barbary.—Gibbon.

Moors; as originally from Mauritania.—C. P. Briand.

Moors; from the Hebrew word Mohurim (west).—Bochart.'

'No doubt many other derivations for this term could be given by the learned and inquisitive.

'Even this little display of contradictory opinions among the wise and learned on a mere matter of fact, must inspire the young and unlearned with just dread of false assertion. This healthy conviction may be further enforced by the acute remarks of La Bruyère, on the presumption of ignorance:—

"C'est la plus profonde ignorance qui inspire le ton dogmatique. Celui qui ne sait rien, croit enseigner aux autres, ce qu'il vient d'apprendre lui-même; celui qui sait beaucoup pense à peine que ce qu'il dit

puisse être ignoré, et parle plus indifféremment."

'We have heard a lady of some attainments declare, when upwards of forty, that she was beginning to have some hopes of herself, as she now had some idea of her ignorance, although not yet wise enough to know its full extent, and being very far short of the intelligence that enabled Socrates to confess, "That all he knew was, that he knew nothing."

'On Modes of Conciliation.—Dr. Franklin being opposed, and apparently disliked, by a gentleman of fortune and education, took the following method of obtaining his good opinion. Instead of paying servile court, or humbling himself to flattery, he politely and frankly requested a favour of him—the loan of a scarce and curious book. The gentleman instantly sent the volume, and, pleased with the opportunity of pleasing, perhaps proud of the power of obliging, ever afterwards acted graciously and kindly towards D. Franklin, who adds these comments to this story:—"It shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove, than to resent, return, and continue inimical proceedings. He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you have yourself obliged." This anecdote is rich in hints for those educating youth.'

We have said and quoted enough to establish the claims of this clever little volume; which, though intended chiefly for the advantage of the young, is not on that account the less calculated to interest and instruct the more mature.

*The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.* Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS, pp. 426. London, 1826. Longman and Co.; J. Andrews.

IN our reviews of the *Forget Me Not* and the *Amulet*, we almost exhausted our terms of praise, and we are now called upon for more. The claim is irresistible, and we must endeavour to comply; but why so late in the field, Alaric? your namesake of old would never have been so renowned, had he lingered. It is true that, in your preface, you explain this delay, but 'first come, first served.' However, there is no finding fault with you; the elegance of your *getting up*, precludes the necessity of an apology, and your many literary charms make us forget that your introduction was at the eleventh hour. The *Literary Souvenir* for 1827, is quite equal, if not superior, to its predecessors; a most formidable phalanx of names is marshalled in its behalf, and the graphic and typographical departments are worthy of its established fame. Fresh contributors, well known to the public, have added to an already rich store, and the talents of the most eminent engravers have been put into requisition, from designs, many of them presented to the editor for the exclusive privilege of being copied. Among these is Howard's Celebrated Girl, in a Florentine costume, engraved in the line manner, by Heath; we have a charming remembrance of this painting, but we do not recollect that the lady had so faulty a nose, this de-

tracts much from the excellence of the rest of her features, and forms a defect which a little care would easily have remedied. A portrait of Byron, by Mr. West, an American, has, according to the editor, much claim to correctness. We are aware some stir has been made about this said picture, but, in our eye, it looks any thing but Byron, and if asked our opinion, without the knowledge that it is meant for him, we should observe, that it bears a greater resemblance to an old print by Vertue, of the celebrated John Beaumont, the contemporary and friend of Fletcher, than of the modern, but no less glorious, bard.

Alexander and Diogenes, from a design by Martin, bears the marks of that able and extraordinary artist's ability. We are fond of architectural drawing, and we acknowledge that gentleman's excellence in this portion of his profession; but its too frequent introduction somewhat savours of mannerism. Newton's Spanish Lady, by J. H. Robinson, is finely brought out; the formation and attitude of the left arm is tenderly graceful; and, as a whole, this print ranks deservedly high. Buckfastleigh Abbey, from one of Turner's landscapes, is enchanting; the perspective of the surrounding scenery, and the minuteness of detail, are at once correct and beautiful. The Contadina, by C. Eastlake, is, as it should be, Italianized: from a residence in Italy, Mr. E. has caught the spirit of feature and form, with the picturesque drapery of the inhabitants of that country. Rosalie, a fine female, in the costume of Switzerland, is a pleasing portrait; the engraving is particularly good. Auld Robin Gray, from a painting by Fairier, is not very much to our taste; something better might have been done, by way of illustration to that pathetic ballad: our favourite Jeanie is too common-place, with more of the mock-sentimentality of a boarding-school miss about her, than of the warm heartedness of a generous Scottish lassie;—her mother's face is worth fifty of her's. Cupid and Psyche is talented; the head of the latter is infinitely the finer of the two; some portion of the boy-god is out of drawing. Goodrich Castle, by Copley Fielding, is a most pleasing landscape; and the ability of Finden is well displayed in the happy tone which he has imparted to the plate. We must not forget the title-page, which is in excellent and appropriate style.

Among the lady contributors to the contents of *The Literary Souvenir*, are the following: Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Miss Benger, L. E. L., the Misses Porter, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, with others, whose productions are worthy of the volume: and in the list of gentlemen, we find Thomas Campbell, Geoffry Crayon, Allan Cunningham, Coleridge, Bowles, Sotheby, Professor Wilson, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, Southey, Galt, Horace Smith, Arthur Brooke, W. Roscoe, Henry Neele, John Clare, J. S. Buckingham, and the worthy editor, *cum multis aliis*, together with a poem by Kirke White, and some lines attributed to Byron, which, like his portrait, are unworthy of him. We shall extract *The Witch*, by John Galt, Esq.:—

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'They talk ignorantly of human nature who regard the abolished crime of witchcraft as having had its origin in the phantasma of superstition. Nothing is more common in the management of mankind than to see persons who, from having felt deference paid to their mental superiority, have assumed to themselves the prerogative of governing others by their dicta, rather than by the reasonable exercise of their understandings. In such assumption or arrogance consists the criminality of witchcraft—a crime as old as humanity, and as eternal as power and imbecility in the faculties of man. The following little anecdote is a demonstration of the moral theorem here propounded.

'About the end of the reign of King James the First of Great Britain, a matronly woman of the name of Rebecca Swarth came to reside in the village of Stoke-Regis. Her appearance was rather, but in no remarkable degree, above her apparent condition. Some said she had surely been a gentlewoman; others were of opinion that her husband had been an apothecary; and the whole community of the village were somewhat surprised that she did not practise as a midwife. She lived, however, among them many years, avoiding the observation which she was evidently conscious of having attracted. During the whole period her manners were mild but reserved, and her conduct and deportment singularly unexceptionable.

'This friendless and forlorn person at last became old; her means, from whatever source derived, whether from the industry with which she plied her own distaff, or from any undivulged source, gradually diminished, till she became almost a mendicant. She was not entirely so, because her wasted form, and the variety of wretchedness exhibited in her patched and unrenewed attire, attracted the charity she required without any solicitation on her part. She did not beg, she was only helped.

'One day, it was in January, and after many stormy days of sleet and shower, she came to the door of Alice Thorwald, a neighbour, and requested the loan of a little meal or flour. Alice, at the time, was busy fondling her child, and answered the request—which was modestly enough made—harshly. Rebecca repeated it, and received a still more ungracious reply. Rebecca a third time begged the little loan of which she stood, as she said, really in great need; but the third answer was still less kind than the former two, and she was told to apply elsewhere; "for," said Alice Thorwald, "I have something else to do with my dear child than to heed such applications."

'Rebecca Swarth made no immediate reply, but drawing her cloak close around her, she looked sternly at Alice for a short space of time, and then replied—"Well as you love, or think you love, that darling, beware of the harm you are doomed to do to it!"

'When the old woman had retired, her words recoiled upon Alice, and when Eben Thorwald returned home in the evening, Alice mentioned to him the occurrence and the malediction, for so she had felt it, of Rebecca Swarth.

'Eben was of a gloomy frame of feeling, strong in resolution, and withal disposed to the worship of superiority, however constituted. He was naturally suspicious, and not untinctured with envy; hence, either from antipathy or from the effect of some experienced slight, he at once disliked Rebecca Swarth, and was awed by her sagacity.

'He caused Alice, his wife, to repeat to him the malediction; he pondered on its intimation; he thought he could discern in it something of more than met the ear:—he stripped the child naked,—carefully examined all its body,—could find no mark of scathe upon its skin; and he finally concluded, that if there were any power in the bodement, the evil thereof was to fall upon Alice.

'Alice laughed at this conclusion, and for some time afterwards no change was observable in her conduct; but in the end Eben saw, or thought he saw, that she did not treat the child with her wonted affection, and chided her for the neglect, reminding her at the same time of Rebecca Swarth's prophecy.

'Alice, disturbed by his exhortations, affected to fondle and caress the baby ten times more than she would otherwise have done, till her anxiety grew to habitude, and all her neighbours spoke to her, and marvelled at the inordinate and foolish fondness for the child with which she embittered both her own life and that of her husband.—Eben himself became impatient at her exclusive endearments, and one day bethought, as a remedy to check the morbid affection of Alice, to apply to Rebecca Swarth for advice.

'Your wife," said Rebecca, "has had a dream or an omen, that has told her she is ordained to do mischief to the child."

'From that moment Eben felt himself irresistibly drawn to watch the conduct of Alice. The hand of fate had indeed laid hold of him;—he felt it—he trembled;—but he could not shake it off.

'One night, while he was observing Alice watching the baby as it lay asleep in its cradle, he saw, or fancied he saw, the fondness with which she was hanging over it suddenly change, and a ghastly and haggard expression supplant the wonted maternal benignity of her countenance.

'You so worship that child," said he, as if willing to be disenchanted from the impression which her agitation had produced,— "you so worship it, that one might think you make much of it in order to hide some intent to do it harm."

'Alice burst into tears, and wept with impassioned grief over the child, who, awakened by her sobs, smiled at her sorrow.

'Eben was overawed at the effect of his remark, and endeavoured to soothe her with all his kindness; but his feelings received an irrecoverable shock when she informed him that she had one night dreamt a dream, in which she saw Rebecca Swarth come to her bedside with a knife in her hand, and heard her say—"cut the thread!" "From that hour," continued the comfortless Alice, "I have often seen a shadowy hand, holding a bloody knife, hovering over the cradle,—and the hand is like my own hand——"

'These strange circumstances, after the execution of his infatuated wife, Eben Thorwald told to the rector, who caused Rebecca Swarth to be apprehended as a witch.—She was cast into prison, and several times examined; but no proof could be produced that she was in any way concerned in the murder of the child for which Alice had suffered;—Alice had confessed, when seized with the knife in her hand, that she had done the deed herself, from the instigations of a power whose dominion she knew not, and whose influence she could not resist. But the poor, old, forlorn, and wretched Rebecca's strength was soon exhausted. On her third examination she confessed herself a witch, and the worthy clergyman interrogated her as to the manner of her intercourse with the devil, and piously inquired what benefit she had derived for having sold to him her eternal jewel. "The end of my sufferings," was her only answer.

'The spot where she was burnt may yet be seen on the common; it is still bare and covered with ashes. Some say no bird ever alights on the ground there. The sheep nibble at a distance from it, so that it is as much distinguished by the rank growth of the herbage around as by the blackness of the ashes where she was consumed.'

The subsequent stanzas are from the nervous pen of Thomas Campbell:—

'In Greece's cause the muse, you deem,  
Ought still to plead, persisting strong;  
But feel you not 'tis now a theme  
That wakens thoughts too deep for song.  
'The Christian world has seen you, Greeks,  
Heroic on your ramparts fall;  
The world has heard your widows' shrieks,  
And seen your orphans dragged in thrall.  
'Even England brooks that, reeking hot,  
The ruffian's sabre drinks your veins,  
And leaves your thinning remnant's lot  
The bitter choice of death or chains.  
'Oh, if we have nor hearts nor swords  
To snatch you from the assassin's brand,  
Let not our pity's idle words  
Insult your pale and prostrate land.  
'No! be your cause to England now,  
That by permitting acts the wrong,  
A thought of horror to her brow,  
A theme for blushing—nor for song.  
'To see her unavenging ships  
Ride fast by Greece's funeral pile,  
'Tis worth a curse from sybil lips!  
'Tis matter for a demon's smile!"

The quaint simplicity of Barry Cornwall is observable in Sea-shore Stanzas:—

'Methinks I fain would lie by the lone sea,  
And hear the waters their white music weave!  
Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,  
So that our sorrows might companioned be  
By that strange harmony  
Of winds and billows, and the living sound  
Sent down from heaven when the thunder  
speaks  
Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks,  
When the swoll'n sea doth strive to burst its  
bound!  
'Methinks, when tempests come and kiss the  
ocean  
Until the vast and terrible billows wake,  
I see the writhing of that curled snake  
Which men of old believed, and my emotion



Warreth within me till the fable reigns  
God of my fancy, and my curdling veins  
Do homage to that serpent old  
Which clasped the great world in its fold,  
And brooded over earth and the unknown sea,  
Like endless, restless, drear eternity!

But there are other cares demanding our imperative attention, and we must bid adieu to this elegant annual. We do so the less unwillingly, as we have no doubt the patronage it has received in preceding years, will be still further increased in the deserved popularity of the present edition.

*The Young Rifleman's Comrade: a Narrative of his Military Adventures, Captivity, and Shipwreck.* 8vo. pp. 310. London, 1826. Colburn.

HISTORY has this in common with geography—the high and prominent and obtrusive features of her subject alone occupy her attention. It is to the traveller and to the memorialist that we are indebted for that information, which, if it be of a less dignified, is at least of a far more serviceable character to the individual than the records of its lofty compeer. The results of human machinery are laid before us by history; the engines themselves she regards with indifference, often with contempt; and her followers are but too apt to become her imitators in this respect, until the evils they overlooked or sneered at affect themselves.

Independent, therefore, of the information to be derived from productions of the class to which that before us belongs, there is another, and we conceive an equally important benefit, which their publication confers upon mankind—that of keeping alive a spirit of humanity of an exceedingly perishable nature. The magic of a word but too frequently shuts the heart against the appeal of private suffering, and in contemplating the progress of a great national struggle, we are apt, in the pride of success, to forget the agonies of mind and of body, and the heart-breakings with which the work has been achieved. It is just and fitting that we should have these things brought home to our own bosoms,—it is just and fitter that we should be taught to keep these things in remembrance—to be cautious how we follow the path of the conqueror with the shout of applause, and to temper our exultation with the recollection that the purchase has been 'the heart's blood turned to tears.'

The Young Rifleman's Comrade, and its predecessor, The Young Rifleman, are works well calculated for thus dispersing the froth and vapour of military mania. They show how very slightly the common soldier participates in the party fury of his leaders; how little he reckons of the colour of the banner that leads him to slaughter or be slaughtered; how little either justice or patriotism is kept in view; how closely man mingling in a scene of blood resembles the tiger whose appetite, however long subdued in a civilised state, will break forth when the sanguinary banquet is once more within his reach, and, lastly, how little, circumstances considered, all this ought to awaken astonishment.

This book is a translation from a German

publication, edited by the illustrious Goethe, and consists of the adventures of a young French soldier, who commenced his military career in the expedition to Spain, under Murat, in the year 1807. It was generally understood that the object of that expedition was the counteraction, in unison with the Spanish troops, of the operation of the English, but 'the course of events,' says the narrator, 'proved how far our government had miscalculated the sentiments of the people of the Peninsula.' The jealousy with which the Spanish regarded the entry of the French into Madrid, soon manifested itself in frightful acts of hostility, and on the 2nd of May, in consequence of 'certain members of the Spanish royal family,' having projected a visit to France under an escort of French troops, (a measure which excited the strongest indignation of the people,) 'a furious mob overthrew the sentinels at the royal palace, entered its walls, and poniarded sundry French officers.' This was the signal for revolt, and every Frenchman within their reach was murdered by the infuriated people. Reinforcements of French troops at length arrived from the encampment, and revenged the murder of their comrades, by deeds of which even the relation is enough to chill the very heart's blood. We extract a specimen:—

'It is with grief I speak it, but truth compels me to admit, that every conceivable atrocity marked the vengeance of the French soldiery.

'A portion of the insurgents had occupied the arsenal, and taken possession of the arms accumulated there; but their further measures were arrested by the arrival of a French detachment, and themselves put to the sword, a few only escaping by flight. Even the unhappy individuals consigned by sickness to the wards of the hospitals were thrown out of bed and inhumanly lacerated—until, the first ebullitions of rage having subsided, other detachments of troops interposed, and put a stop to the scene of carnage.

'As the day advanced, the French forces continued to arrive in still increasing numbers. The cavalry scoured the principal streets, overthrowing every thing that presented itself; the infantry pursued a similar course in the lesser ones; and the point of the bayonet pierced alike children of ten or twelve years, and persons who had arrived at manhood. One of our grenadiers encountered a young woman of high respectability, who, while she held a child on one arm, brandished a poniard with the other hand: he stunned the mother by a blow with the butt-end of his musket, and impaled her infant upon his bayonet. In another place, a Mameluke rode up full gallop, each hand filled with watches, which he held by their chains: "*Camarade, en voulez vous une?*"—He was answered by each of those who were near him taking one; and thus a very beautiful gold watch fell to my share.'

General Dupont quitted Madrid on the last day of May, 1808, and fell in with some parties of the enemy on the 7th of June, by Alcolea, which they succeeded in dispersing. On the road to Cordova, they met with some

of their comrades, who had been taken prisoners the preceding day by the Spaniards. 'But what an appearance did they present! Their eyes were put out; their tongues cut off; their fingers split up; and sundry parts of their body stabbed. Every one who saw them was filled with horror at so appalling a spectacle, and swore to revenge a hundred-fold the barbarity with which they had been treated. Quite different had been the usage of the Spanish captives by us: they were provided for well, and sent to their respective homes, the greater part of them being country people, who resided near at hand.'

The brigade in which our narrator served was at length compelled to capitulate, and the sufferings of the captives are described with frightful minuteness. They were conveyed to the barren island of Cabrera, and, in consequence of a storm, which prevented the arrival of their customary provisions, endured the additional miseries of famine:—

'Daily was the shore thronged with people on the look-out for the arrival of some boat which might rescue us from this dreadful situation; and the weak eyes of the half-starved wretches mistook every giant-wave for the hoped-for treasure. Each little white cloud on the horizon bore the semblance of a sail, until delayed hope made sick the hearts of our unfortunate band. We ran to and fro—to the barracks—to the rocks—to the shore—in search of something wherewith to satisfy our craving hunger, but nothing was to be found. We resorted at length even to the grass and dust of the earth, wherewith to answer the wants of nature; but such things presenting no nutriment, they still pressed upon us. A great many died, and we buried them immediately in the sea, in the horrible dread that, were their bodies to remain before us, the savage longings of the cannibal would arise in our hearts.

'A cuirassier was, in fact, killed, for the actual purpose of consuming his carcass, by a Pole, who was in the act of extracting the entrails, when he was discovered by the Spaniards, informed against, and shot. After sentence had been pronounced upon him, he confessed that he had previously done the same by two other of his comrades.'

The narrator at length enters the service of the English, but we have not sufficient space to allow of our following him through his adventure. We must content ourselves with observing that he is discharged from the army—visits England—engages himself with a Captain Dalrymple, of the East India Company, and accompanies him to China—is wrecked—returns to his native country, and seeks consolation for all his sufferings in the arms of the pretty daughter of an inn-keeper.

In conclusion, we would observe, that this volume must be regarded as a valuable and interesting relation of facts, (for of the absence of all fiction there cannot be a single doubt,) and as supplying well those details which the dignity of general history overlooks.

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*Ahab, a Poem, in Four Cantos.* By S. R. JACKSON, Author of the Lament of Napoleon, Fall of the Crescent, &c. 8vo. pp. 100. London, 1826 Sherwood and Co.

INDEPENDENTLY of the works enumerated in the title-page of this volume, Mr. Jackson is known to the readers of *The Literary Chronicle* as a lyrical poet of no mean pretensions. A very judicious union of strength and tenderness distinguishes his effusions—effusions to which the glow of fancy and the spell of feeling lend a subduing charm. That Mr. Jackson has not acquired the fame to which his talents entitle him, is only another corroboration of the undeniable fact that poetical ability standing only upon the ground of its own merits, is absolutely powerless. Rank or rascality,—a title or a trial,—wealth or wanton eccentricity,—in short, any thing that yields a momentary gratification to our less creditable feelings, and excites a factitious interest, stamps a popular value upon verse, and confers upon the writer profit and notoriety. But without some such adventitious aid,—without stooping to trickery to purchase triumph, or fawning on pompous folly, (arrogant in proportion to its emptiness,) to avert contempt,—expedients sometimes successful, but whose success cannot conceal their baseness,—the bard's wreath withers in obscurity, and he himself perishes despairing and unknown.

We remember to have heard a poet of acknowledged excellence, and no less distinguished as an acute reasoner, aver that he considered one of the best tests of the *real* poetic inspiration, to be its capacity of outliving disappointment, and passing through the ordeal of years with that robust energy and buoyant spirit which will not allow either 'heart or harp to lose a string.' If there be any truth in this remark, assuredly Mr. Jackson must be allowed to rank among the genuine minstrels of the day. In his preface, he thus alludes to his unavailing efforts to attract the favorable notice of the public:—

'Reader, hast thou not seen a solitary buoy floating on the vast ocean? the waves dash against it, and the broad keel of the vessel sweeps over and presses it down, yet it rises again to the surface, prepared for every assault—I am like that buoy. Thrice have I appeared before you, thrice have the waves of neglect passed over me, and once more I rise, a candidate for your good opinion. My wish is not merely to succeed, but to merit success. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*, was the motto of one who will never be forgotten, and I hope to quote it without seeming to be presumptuous.'

The subject of the present publication is supplied by the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters in the First Book of Kings; its means are at once religious and attractive, (a combination as laudable as it is rare,) and its aim is in the highest degree moral and patriotic. There are many exquisite sketches in the first canto, from which, passing over a powerful description of the arrival of Jehoshaphat to join Ahab against the Assyrians, we select a sweet portraiture of the love which Zebudah, a female captive, cherishes for Ahab:—

'Yet, 'twas not form nor feature that could bind  
Her spirit stoop to love him as it did:  
Could that dark brow, that sunken cheek possess

Aught to demand from her such faithfulness;  
Or that wild eye whose glance bore joy to none,  
Thus bind as with a spell this lovely one:  
Or lurk'd there in her breast some secret pride  
That bade her love whom none might love beside?

Oh no, 'twas not such shadowy things that charm'd  
The heart that love with more than firmness arm'd:

'Twas not his glance of fire that warm'd her breast,  
Nor wo-worn cheek, once fair in beauty dress'd:

These are but trifles, had they caus'd her vow  
To love, how frail had been that passion now:  
'Twas for that more than softer hearts diffuse  
To those whom it were agony to lose,  
And kindness few of milder mood possess  
Was his at times, despite his wretchedness.  
She lov'd him—oh, such love as her's but dwells

'Mid rugged rocks and solitary dells,  
'Tis seldom found where splendour rules the thought,

By bitterness alone such gem is bought:  
Dear child of nature, strongest when the day  
Of man's frail happiness has past away.  
Oh, ne'er in scorn such gentle feeling mock,  
The wild flower loves the shadow of the rock;  
And better it may suit the sad of mood,  
To whom the world is but a solitude,  
Whose lonely hearts on hearts as lone have fix'd,

Affections blended, hopes, fears, wishes mix'd;  
Still to be near their lov'd, though desolate,  
Sooth, cherish, shield, though all beside may hate.'

The battle, with which the poem ends, is depicted with great skill and spirit, as the following short extract will evince:—

'The task is done, and on the warriors urge  
Their fiery course towards Gilead's furthest verge,

O'er many a corse bedew'd with kindred gore,  
And brow with death's dull shadows cover'd o'er;

Till, sick of slaughter, wearied out by toil,  
Awhile they breathe them, and the fallen spoil.  
But near the time when that destroying hand  
Shall lose its strength, and drop the deadly brand;

When that revengeful soul shall find repose,  
And hate and injury, with being close.  
Awhile from hot pursuit the hosts refrain,  
Awhile Death breath'd his steeds upon the plain,

Awhile upon his spear the soldier leant,  
And panting o'er his yew the archer bent;  
And the tir'd war-horse, in the silver tide  
Wash'd the white foam from off his bloody side.'

With one of several exquisite songs and hymns which are interspersed throughout this poem, we conclude our notice of Ahab, earnestly recommending its author to the attention and patronage of the public:—

'HYMN.

' Mightiest of the Mighty! thou  
Before whose throne vast nations bow,  
Whose terror-darting eye can see  
The depths of immortality,  
And pierce the dark abodes of man,  
Whose lot thy wisdom deign'd to plan,

Accept my prayer; to thee belong  
My morning praise—my evening song.  
Before thy breath the ocean wakes,  
Thy voice the cloud of darkness breaks,  
That o'er the brow of morning spreads,  
And night-chill'd flow'rets lift their heads,  
When shines thy light upon the earth,  
Whose opening beauties burst to birth,  
Thou who art present every where,  
Accept thy servant's humble prayer.'

TURNER'S HISTORY OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.  
(Continued from p. 694.)

WE have already stated that Mr. Turner calls upon the present age to inquire into and reform almost all its favorite notions respecting the monarch whose reign he has so admirably illustrated; and though it commonly happens that the biographer (on the principle, we suppose, of loving those best, who give us the most pain,) is led away by a too great partiality for his subject, we are bound to admit that historic record, as presented to us through the medium of this author's work, throws around the character of Henry a much pleasanter hue, and gives it a much more inviting aspect, than it ever before possessed. It is shown that, though gifted with very superior personal advantages, and doubtless by no means insensible to the distinction they conferred upon him, Henry had not 'that little-minded vanity which feasts itself on its accidental face and features, while others are deriding the self-admiration which it cannot conceal.' Those whom Mr. Turner calls 'his fair judging contemporaries,' (contrasting them with Pole and Sanders of his own times, and 'the valuable author of the intelligent Tremaine' of ours,) speak of him in such terms of commendation as few of his successors have merited—or received,—at least from individuals of the honesty and intellectual calibre which distinguished many who extolled him. His eager adversary, Pole, frequently admits that he had great and excellent qualities;—the wise and virtuous Erasmus (whose sincerity cannot be questioned,) heaps upon him all manner of applause; and even in the latter part of his reign, we find Melancthon addressing two epistles to Henry, in which he praises the king's love of learning, and his munificent patronage of its votaries, and recommends to his attention,—because the king 'loves the exhibitions of genius,'—the artisan Michael, an excelling optician of Leipsic. In May, 1536, the same eminent scholar introduced to the notice of the English sovereign, a Flemish knight; and we entirely agree with Mr. Turner, that no small merit, both moral and intellectual, must have been and had been believed to be in that king, who could allow a foreign and undignified man of letters, that had nothing but his talents and knowledge to give him weight, thus to introduce strangers to his notice with any prospect that his recommendations could avail them. It may be here remarked, that in the same year Melancthon dedicated to Henry his *Loci Theologici*, in which the latter is praised for his kindness to 'those good and moderate men who are desirous of a purer ecclesiastical doctrine.' This was in the 28th year of



Henry's reign, and Mr. Turner thus comments upon Melancthon's tribute to the monarch's liberality. 'The reader must remember that the latter encomium was made in 1536. From that time we have to regret that Henry suffered himself to imitate too much those other princes, from whom Melancthon was now so justly and so creditably distinguishing him.'

But we must not pass too quickly from the gratifying contemplation of Henry's earlier years. Sufficiently oppressive is the reflection at which we speedily arrive, that he became worthless at a period of life when amendment and virtuous resolution are most necessary, and clouded what might have been a brilliant life, and degraded what is still a glorious reign, by conduct for which it is impossible to find excuse or palliation; and the enormity of which is rendered only the more conspicuous by his youthful virtue and liberal pursuits. Passing over many honourable instances of disinterestedness, self-mastery, and kind forbearance,—of manly spirit, love of candour, and advocacy of truth, we select a passage which excellently elucidates the peculiar dispositions of Henry after the decisive battle of Pavia, and when it was in contemplation to renew the project of subduing France:—

'The opposing courts, believing that the threat of performing what they could effect at the first interval of the crisis, would obtain all they wished, heard Bourbon's solicitation and advice with civil attention, but put into execution none of his ardent and sagacious recommendations. Both Henry and Charles had no objection to despoil Francis, but neither wished the others aggrandizement, nor were inclined to take any risk to obtain it. Wolsey loved treaties better than battles. Soldiers obscured his name; but his pen flourished to his own satisfaction, in his tautological diplomacy, and his name became predominant over others, while the skirmishes were confined to the cabinet. Hence, though armies, invasions, conquests, and partitions, were devised and talked of, no soldier moved, and no aggression was attempted. Happily for mankind, Henry had none of the inhuman qualities, the fierce spirit and persevering insensibility of a great and active conqueror. He loved religion, mirth, company, schoolmen, books, festive jousting, banquets, learned men, literature, reputation, and his domestic enjoyments. He desired popularity both abroad and at home. But he took no pleasure in causing or contemplating fields of human slaughter, in assaulting towns, massacring their defenders, burning villages, or laying a country waste.'

'It is therefore to the credit of Henry VIII. that, with all the temptation and means, and with much of the personal prowess of the renowned conquerors, whom literature too much loves to blazon, and youthful ardour to admire, he yet preserved himself from the contagion of their military disease. Sensibilities of the best description may be supposed to have had their efficacious influence within him, when fancy, although amused and stimulated with the possibility of having the French crown glittering on his brow, was yet

unable to excite him to those warlike exertions that could alone obtain it, notwithstanding his natural taste for all the glorious circumstances of war, and a gallant gentry's eagerness for its fame, its activity, and its booty. The enlightened men of his day, who observed his conduct, and were personally acquainted with his disposition, remarked and praised its pacific tendency and his self-restraint. He was applauded for his desire to end, instead of spreading, the calamities of war; and his ambitious inactivity was expressly referred to his preference for the arts and happiness of peace.'

Of Cardinal Pole, one of the most determined and least justifiable of all Henry's enemies, we find the following striking and singular description:—

'Among those who were most active in attacking Henry with the pen, by negotiation, and by conspiracy, Cardinal Pole voluntarily took a distinguished and pertinacious lead—his maternal cousin—an accomplished, inconsistent, gentlemanly, nervous, elegant, cultivated, religious, mild, social, interesting, and yet bitter minded man. In none have sterling moral virtues been combined with greater defects. Few persons, imagining that they intended well, have been more self-deluded. Few have more sullied their engaging amiabilities by the secret operation of selfish feelings, lurking ambition, and bilious irritabilities. In few has the grossest ingratitude been combined with more ardent pretensions to the most conscientious rectitude. The diversities of his character and his dangerous hostility produced such disturbing effects, both on Henry and in his dominions, and have so greatly injured this king's character, especially in Europe, that he becomes an important object in the historical picture of the latter years of Henry's reign. It is not often that we meet with a person of such high birth and gentlemanly education and manners, descending to such coarse and acrimonious invective as Pole delighted to pour out against his royal relative, his earliest friend, his constant patron, and his intellectual foster-father. His combination of talent, sensitivity, and venom, reminds us of the Hindu tradition, that there is a dangerous serpent amid their jungles, who bears, sparkling in his forehead, a beautiful ruby.'

The ingratitude, depravity, and jesuitical duplicity which Pole united with peculiar sweetness of manners, vivacity of genius, and playful affability, are exposed by Mr. Turner with no apologetic pen; indeed he can neither find nor fancy any excuse for the cardinal's traitorous hostility to his sovereign, cousin, and benefactor, excepting in the idea, 'that every moral and natural obligation must give way to the self-imposed duty of upholding the papal hierarchy!' It appears that Pole is the only authority for the scandalous report which charged Henry with an improper intimacy with Mary, the sister of Anne Boleyn, before his attachment to the latter.

In our first notice of this history, we extracted a very sweet portrait of Anne Boleyn; which passage we now contrast with a quotation, in which the point is rather unfairly

strained in Henry's favour, and in which we think Mr. Turner treats the unfortunate queen with more than due severity:—

'One of her first steps, after her imprisonment, was to send from the Tower, four days after she had entered it, that letter to the king which has been too hastily thought to be above her abilities. It has the appearance of being a genuine, but an artificial production of her mind; though from its unconciliating and reproaching tone, it was not a judicious one. It asserts her innocence, but yet not with that warmth and simplicity of natural emotion, which from a female of her rank and sensibility, unjustly calumniated and convicted, might have been looked for. It has the inconsistency of irritating, while she dreaded and meant to supplicate; but it is more like the subdued and angry phrase of a conscious and guarded pleader, than the pathetic language of a wounded upright heart. Nor can it deserve the praise it has received of being an affectionate appeal. The hint that she should have been satisfied if he had not addressed her, gave strength to one of the charges made against her at her trial, and fastened on her memory by her greatest adversary afterwards. It could only excite in Henry a vexatious mortification. As little could it please him to be told that she expected his inconstancy; repeating thus one of the faults for which she blamed herself in her address to the peers. After one truly impressive paragraph, she adds a demand for a public and impartial trial, with an animation that became her situation; but she inserts a provoking insinuation, that she was the victim of his attachment to another; of which she reminds him that she had already upbraided him. The following imputation that he would destroy her to possess a new favourite, and the epithets, "unprincely and cruel," which she attaches to him, were so imprudent, that they seem more like the language of self-convicted despair, than of endangered innocence. But to solicit, in behalf of those who were arraigned as her dishonouring favourites, the person whom they were accused of most injuring, could only add irritation to suspicion, and give to resenting jealousy new fuel and some foundation. It was not at all likely to benefit them; and the king could hardly fail to remark, that this part of her letter is the most earnest paragraph that it contains.'

'There is no evidence how he received her appeals to his various recollections and sensibilities; but one of his first measures was to have an inquiry made of her earliest admirer Percy, then become Earl of Northumberland, whether any contract of marriage with him had preceded her nuptials with himself. This application has been usually represented as an aggravation of Henry's severity; but the fair supposition is, that the purpose of the investigation was intended mercy to the queen. A pre-contract, not annulled by mutual consent, made any other marriage invalid; and if the truth had allowed the earl to have admitted one, as that fact would have authorised an immediate cassation of her royal matrimony, without any legal trial, conviction, or her death, nei-

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ther of these might have ensued. She would have sunk immediately into her original privacy, as one who had never been married, and the king would have been free to choose a new wife as he pleased. Percy was examined on this subject by the cabinet council; but his solemn denial, on his oath, still more solemnly repeated, precluding this mode of invalidating her nuptials, the fatal course of a trial which had been prepared for, was resolutely pursued to all its consequential severity.

It appears to us that the cunning and selfishness of a guilty mind, would have suggested anything but this "earnest" appeal in behalf of the persons arraigned with the queen; if the possession of the crown, and the enjoyment of courtly society had so spoilt and perverted the natural amiability of Anne Boleyn, as Mr. Turner supposes, it is surprising that that there should not have been substituted more of depth and intriguing ability than she evinced during her imprisonment and trial. Whether guilty or not, there appears about her a degree of firmness, openness, and magnanimity, which we cannot help considering as quite incompatible with the alleged weakness which homage had intoxicated, the presumed vanity which flattery had ensnared, and the enfeebled judgment which unceasing pleasure had corrupted and dissolved. Mr. Turner is ingenious in his discovery of Henry's merciful intentions; it seems evident enough that if he had ever cherished such, the fact would have received its merited publicity, and would have stood on better ground than our historian's 'fair supposition' and ill-supported inference. Mr. Turner gives a brief sketch of Anne's conduct at her trial:—

'Anne was without counsel, attended only by her ladies. She assumed a cheerful and fearless air, as if still the unquestionable queen. She defended herself by few words, and more by her modest countenance, than by her observations. Her mien excused her more than what she said; but what she spoke was much to the purpose, and very interesting. They who saw and heard her, judged her innocent; but this description only states the impression of her voice and person; not the weight and applicability of the evidence given. The lord mayor afterwards remarked to some of her friends, that he could not observe anything in the proceedings against her, but that they were resolved to seek occasion to get rid of her. She was ordered to lay aside her crown and other dignities, which she willingly did, declaring that she had never misconducted herself to the king.

'On evidence, of which no traces now remain, she was pronounced guilty by the peers, whose decision is not required to be unanimous, like the verdict of a jury. A majority is sufficient either to condemn or to acquit, and therefore we cannot infer the opinion of her father to have been against her, as we know not how he voted. On hearing their sentence, she raised her hands on high, and exclaimed, "O Father, and Creator! O thou who art the way, the truth, and the life! thou knowest that I have not deserved

this death." It is difficult to connect with Anne Boleyn's character such a mockery of what she most venerated, as to reconcile this ejaculation with her consciousness of guilt. She then turned to her judges, and made a serious protestation of her innocence.'

The historian again reiterates his idea, that there was some intention of sparing the queen's life, but we think with as little foundation as before. The description of her death, and the reflections which follow it, we quote on account of their importance, impartiality, unaffected pathos, and subduing eloquence:—

'She collected all the force of her cultivated mind, and on the 19th May ascended her scaffold in the Tower, with a pious intrepidity that suppressed every worldly wish or agitation, and made to the assembled company this unaffected speech:—

"Good Christian people! I am come hither to die; for, according to the law, and by the law, I am judged to die; and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man; nor to speak any thing of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die. But I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you; for a gentler nor more merciful prince was there never: and to me, he was ever a good, a gentle, and sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle with my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. O Lord! have mercy upon me! To God I commend my soul."

'These words she uttered with a smiling countenance; then kneeling down, with a fervent spirit said, "To Jesus Christ I commend my soul. Lord Jesu! receive my soul!" and repeating these words very often, suddenly the stroke of the sword terminated her earthly existence.

'This dying address may rationally claim our unqualified commendation. If she was innocent, it was an heroic act of forgiveness, at the most trying moment of human passion, which stands alone in human biography, for the unpretending manner in which it was performed. They who have pardoned their oppressors, have declared that they did so; and thus both reproach them by their forgiveness, and claim the merit of extending it. But Anne Boleyn praised the man whose mandate was lifting the fatal axe that was to kill her, although, before her gentle voice could reach his ear, she would be for ever beyond his power to recal. No kindness could be more magnanimous, more disinterested, or less ostentatious.

'The king's conduct, on this occasion, displayed only the vindictive resentment of the mortified husband. To consign the long-beloved wife of his bosom; the selected object of his tenderest caresses,—for whom he had braved and defeated popes, priests, sovereigns, slander, hatred, treason, and peril—to a violent, public, and defaming death; and by a signature, written in the very apartments where he had feasted upon her smiles; listened, delighted, to her merry chit-chat, and danced enraptured with her grace, in all her fearless and unforeseeing gaiety; ordering "the little neck," which he had so often

admired and caressed to be cut asunder by the butchering strokes of a common executioner, was an act better suited to an Othello, to a relentless Moor, or to a turbaned Turk, than to the most polished and cultivated prince of one of the most civilized nations on the globe. It was unnecessary, because divorce and degradation would have answered every public end. It was cruel beyond excuse. It was pride and passion, obeying the dishonouring impulses of an unmanly revenge.

'Anne Boleyn has, on the whole, been severely dealt with by many, and even by some of her own sex—pardonably indeed by them; because female virtue is so beautiful in itself; every instance of it in elevated rank is so honourable to womanhood; its courtly models were then so rare; its purity at all times is so delicate; its reputation so precious; its value so inestimable, and its abandonment by any so depreciating to all, that we can easily forgive the female sensibility which will not pardon the offenders who break or weaken a talisman which makes their sex so attractive, so superior, and so subduing.—But before we throw down Anne Boleyn among the worthless of her sex, we must not forget that while we have her indictment and her conviction, we have none of the evidence by which we can ourselves appreciate the justice of either; and one authority, impressive, because coming from a foreigner, who must have been guilty of wilful and gratuitous mendacity, if his assertion be false, has transmitted to us the assurance, from many Englishmen, that Henry himself, as he approached his own death-bed, expressed regrets for his severity against her. But as the destruction of the papers which detailed her trial precludes the attainment now of any greater certainty on the subject, than these pages have exhibited, the mind that wishes to be impartial, after reviewing all the circumstances that have reached us, will perhaps incline to think that a state of academical neutrality as to her guilt, is preferable to either a belief or a denial of its existence; admitting at the same time that she may have been an instance of the justness of Ganganelli's remark, that the virtues in some persons are too often but like flashes of lightning, which shine and disappear in the horizon they illuminate.'

We have laid before our readers sufficient examples of the deep research, enlightened judgment, and surpassing talent, which are the prevailing characteristics of Mr. Turner's history; but we must again recur to this volume for the purpose of noticing several important details, which considerably heighten the interest of its concluding pages.

*The Monuments and Genii of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.* By GEORGE LEWIS SMYTH, Student at Law. Embellished with Engravings, minutely copied from the Statues. Parts I. and II. 8vo. pp. 160. London, 1826. John Williams.

THE design of this publication is one which is certainly useful and instructive, combining much biographical knowledge, with correct critical ability. To the names of the distin-



guished dead entombed within the walls of these celebrated Christian temples, are affixed brief, though well written memoirs, the whole of which, as far as we have seen, are worthy of praise and success. With regard to the *embellishments*, we unfortunately cannot say as much. Their drawing is defective, and their want of correctness is only to be equalled by their faulty and meagre execution. We advise the publisher no longer to *embellish* this work, unless the plates be more consonant to the spirit of the letter-press; and yet, perhaps, when the price is considered, they are as good as can be expected.

### ORIGINAL.

*Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.*

PRAISE, AND ITS PLEASURES—YOUNG WOMEN AND OLD MEN—GREECE, AND HER FRIENDS—TRAGEDIES AND ACTORS—NEW BOOKS AND BAD TIMES, &c. &c.

MR. EDITOR,—I am past the period when it is true, or natural, to blush, and, therefore, to say I blushed, on reading the very clever sonnet your correspondent addresses to me with so much kindly feeling, would be wrong—so I shall not disclaim its praise, but honestly avow that it pleased me prodigiously, and that I thank the writer with all my heart. I am persuaded, indeed, that both you and your poetical friend would have seen, with much gratification, the way in which I started when my own name arrested my eye, the eager haste with which I adjusted my glasses to enable me to read the lines, and the emphatic way in which I pronounced them *excellent*. You might have smiled at witnessing my self-complacency, but it would have been rather in benevolence than derision; and when you recollected, that as the autumn of life advances, it yields but few flowers, and those are faded in colour and faint in perfume, you would have rejoiced that it had been your lot to throw one so rich in the path for me. At the happy moment, I should have forgiven you had you laughed outright, when I conjectured that 'perhaps A. D. might be some *fair lady*, who thus distinguished me—a second L. E. L., in all the bloom of youth and genius.' I should only have shaken my head, and exclaimed, 'Ah, ah, my friend, it is for me who win to laugh!' 'Young women now-a-days are so highly educated, so sensible, they always prefer *mind*, and *all that*, in their little partialities'—'besides, I am not a day beyond the middle age, I protest, young man.'

But were this not the case—had I stepped into the 'lean and slippered' path of age itself, undoubtedly such a compliment, from such a source, would have shed a reviving warmth through my heart—a glow of grateful pleasure, such as can be alone given to the soul of man, by woman—that friend who, in every stage of his existence, and under every modification of his feelings, he finds his aid and solace. And when, Mr. Editor, is beauty more lovely, or talent more amiable, than when it is employed in soothing the troubles or enhancing the pleasures of existence to the declining days of the affectionate relative, or

even thankful stranger? I told you, in my last, how much pleasure I had enjoyed in Windsor Forest; but I can add, that in the little theatre of that town, I enjoyed something more sweet, and which rests on my mind with a far higher zest, than all the 'cloud-capped towers' and gorgeous scenery of the place.

This little oasis of the memory is that of seeing the Earl of H—t (who is, I believe, the father of the House of Lords, and as fine a specimen of an old English nobleman and brave soldier as the country can boast,) seated by a most beautiful and elegant young creature, who was solely employed in explaining to him the business of the stage. Finer subjects for the painter could not be imagined, for never can human nature, in such different periods as eighty and eighteen, appear more happily depicted. The shining light auburn ringlets, which fell profusely from one head, as it bent towards the white silken locks of the other; the thankful smile and occasional laugh of his benevolent countenance, and the angelic delight which beamed in her's, when she had succeeded in giving the necessary information, were, indeed, something 'than beauty dearer,' and can never be forgotten.

To return to myself, the finest thing of all was the exultation of poor Mrs. Oldworthy in this little affair: 'My dear,' said she, 'I always told you that those printed letters of your's were mighty pretty things, and I cannot see any reason why they should not be collected and made into a book, like Elia's essays.' 'I think them, indeed, a good deal alike; he speaks what he thinks—so do you; he describes what he sees and hears, and you do the same; and pray what does Miss Mitford herself do more? Is not *Our Village*, from first to last, the mere *truth*; and can there be any good reason why books of this kind should exist, and, indeed, live for ever, whilst you are torn to pieces in waste paper? Really, Mr. Oldworthy, you do not do yourself justice. No, Jonathan, my dear, you do *not*. In my opinion you are very blameable.'

I hope you are a married man, Mr. Editor, that you may be aware of that very agreeable sensation, that thrilling emotion of suppressed pleasure, which arises from the sense one entertains of one's dear partner's *very dear* weakness in such cases. It is so delightful to be defeated, to affect mustering arguments against one's own powers, assure one's wife that 'she is on these points really ignorant, and must not be allowed to lead one into error,' yet all the while give her credit for a very sound judgment and superior taste, and entertain a little lurking belief, that 'after all she may be right, only it would seem vain and foolish to own she was;' and therefore one must assume the man for decency's sake, and silence her at last with, 'My dear Lucy, your partiality blinds your judgment; you are wrong, *positively* wrong; but don't mistake me—don't suppose me angry, my dear,—and indeed nothing on earth can be less like anger than every feature in the countenance at such a moment.

Well! what say you to the Greek patriots—to the admirers of classic heroes—the de-

fenders of their living descendants—the enthusiastic haters of barbarians and bondage? Really I never felt so truly that I belonged—if not to a 'nation of shop keepers,' yet to a nest of petty dealers, as at the moment when the *exposé* of The Times showed up Messrs. Hume, Bowring, and Co. in so degrading a manner;—not that the man of calculations has done more than try to take his 'ain wee bittie bock agin,' or has elicited more of his character than might have been expected. Always cold and keen as his native air, it was no wonder that he examined closely into the possibilities of gaining *that* which he is in the habit of believing that all men seek; and knowing the power of money for good or evil, he might be desirous of gaining more that he might *give* more. As I am by nature as charitably disposed in my judgments on others as Mr. Hume is the contrary, I am willing to believe this was the fact, and that what he got out of the Greeks he might have given to the cotton-spinners; but for Bowring, alas! I can find no excuse. What! the poet of so many countries, who drank inspiration alike from the muse of Scandinavia and the shrines of Apollo—who worshipped Liberty on the rudest rock and the most polished temple—who is young, and ardent, and amiable, possessing the power to inspire cold hearts and invigorate weak hands—the bard of heroes and heroic deeds! That such a one should dip his soiled fingers in filthy lucre, profane the noble purpose and even the glorious romance of his character with petty gains, and sordid speculations! Ah me!—

'Tis pitiful—'tis wondrous pitiful!

And we all add, with Desdemona, 'I wish I had not heard it; but none of us will wish with her, 'that Heaven had made us such a man,' for either he never has been the glorious thing we thought him, or we must say—

'Oh! what a falling off is there!'

But we have a new tragedy at home, it seems; and Foscari is at length coming out—I say *at length*, because it has been written a long time, and the assertion of John Bull, that Miss Mitford has *dared* to rival Lord Byron, is founded on a false conclusion, for her drama was actually written before that period when his lordship began his, as many of this lady's friends can testify, and myself among the rest, for I read it before that time, and admired it exceedingly. By the way, how singular a thing it seems that we have no tragic actress on the stage: we have great general talent, but no one person of paramount power—at least in this department, for Miss Kelly, our only woman of *genius*, though she can melt the heart, and mould it to her will, never, I understand, undertakes that which is strictly termed *tragic*. We all know her to be queen of tears, not less than smiles; but it seems she has an aversion to blank verse. Is not this a pity?—more especially as she seems likely to preserve her fine form in all its youthful elasticity and delicate proportions, and she has a voice of such exquisite *intonation*, (as my friend Thelwall calls it,) that she would give to poetry all its 'linked sweetness,' yet preserve that

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character of natural expression we require in affecting description. Surely this gifted actress must be aware, that such language is not inconsistent with that of grief and rage, for who in the moment of passion does not become sublime? How often will sorrow vent itself even elegantly, from those in the humblest situations of life; and lofty thoughts spring from low bosoms, in the moment of honest indignation?

Were Mrs. Glover a *little* younger and a great deal *thinner*, she would be a treasure; but, alas! time will not retrograde; and since we cannot send so excellent a mother and so clever an actress to the tread-mill, there is no chance of bringing her size within due limits. Her Mrs. Subtle is perhaps the very best piece of acting now on the boards; but, indeed, she is always excellent, and her handsome expressive countenance can alike give the pathos of grief, the flush of rage, the gaiety of joy, and the archness of humour. I must not, however, allow myself to trespass further on your columns, or my own time; but, with my best compliments to your correspondent, my very agreeable friend, remain, &c. &c. JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

Nov. 1, 1826.

N. B. As, on re-reading the sonnet in question, I find no reason to believe the lines were written by a gentlewoman's pen, pray ask the honest gentleman who did them if he will smoke a cigar with me some evening, that we may become better acquainted.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO SIGNOR VELLUTI, AT FLORENCE.

*Written on reading in The Literary Chronicle, 'Velluti is not likely to appear this season.'*

THOU hast gone from our cold and cloudy isle,  
To thy own loved land of brightness,  
Where thy presence bids each lip to smile,  
And each heart to thrill in lightness.

The sunny scenes of thy early youth,  
With their glowing radiance bless thee,  
And thy faithful friends in love and truth,  
With open arms caress thee.

Alas! alas! can it ever be,  
While such flowery fetters bind thee;  
That thy thoughts will stray o'er the dark blue sea,

To the true hearts left behind thee?  
Perchance thou deem'st that our northern hearts

Can with feeble force regret thee;  
Perchance thou think'st, that as time departs,  
We may faithlessly forget thee.

Oh! deem not so, though our phrase be rude,  
Though our thoughts may shun revealing,  
We have hearts with all the strength endued  
Of devoted changeless feeling.

Should memory to thy mind renew  
The slight or offence of any;

Forgive, forget the erring few,  
For the fond, the grateful many.

In thine own fair land a mountain towers,  
And cold icy garlands wreath it;  
But though dark and chill its aspect towers,  
It has light and flame beneath it.

Oh! thus, though cold be the Briton's brow,  
Is his heart with ardour burning,  
And it kindles now with its warmest glow,  
In the hope of thy returning? M. A.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Milton's Paradise Lost, with Illustrations.*

By JOHN MARTIN, ESQ. Part 8. Imp. 8vo. London, 1826. Septimus Prowett.

WE have, on more than one occasion, spoken very favourably of the talent, both as designer and engraver, which Mr. Martin has displayed in his illustration of this immortal epic; and we are now happy to observe, that our style of encomium requires no change. It has been the fashion with many to decry the productions of this artist—to assert that he is too visionary—with a deal more of technical twaddle about defects, which we, who profess to know something of the matter, could not, with all our connoisseurship, discover: but, in answer to such petty quibbling, we will unequivocally state, that we are aware of none in existence whose conceptions on exalted subjects are more grandly developed or ably executed; and judgment and eyes used only to behold and ponder on dull, dry subjects of every day life, become perplexed whilst examining performances like those of Mr. Martin. The two plates adorning the eighth part of *Paradise Lost* represent Satan contemplating the happy pair in *Paradise*, and Raphael conversing with Adam and Eve. In the former, the figure of the fallen angel is finely drawn, and the scowl of disdainful anger on his brow is beautifully contrasted by the affectionate attitudes and looks of our primeval parents, redolent with happiness, and reclining on a sunny bank in Eden. The stealthy appearance of the demon behind the trunk of a tree, which fills a prominent place in the fore-ground, is in perfect keeping, and the shadowy outlines of his figure accord well with the idea of such a being. The distant mountains, overarching trees, verdant vales, and clustering shrubs, fill up the back-ground with all that variety of light and shade for which Mr. Martin is so celebrated. In the other engraving, the heavenly beams from the presence of Raphael illumine the recess in which the sinless ones are listening, with rapt attention, to the recital of the angel. Eve is leaning on the shoulder of Adam, whose eyes are fixed on the radiant visitor. Dark masses of shade bring these figures exquisitely out; and the light tinging, prominent through minute portions of fore-ground, renders the repose of the rest the more delightful. In the distance, the landscape becomes less distinct, and at last fades away, melting into indescribable space. The concluding parts of this work are promised in quick succession; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, when completed, this edition of illustrations will be the only one extant worthy of so exalted a poem.

*Practical Hints on Composition in Painting, illustrated from Examples of the Great Masters of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools.* By JOHN BURNET.

*Practical Hints on Light and Shade in Painting, illustrated, &c.* By the same. London, 1826.

ALTHOUGH the first of these works—or rather the first portion of this work, has been before the public some time, we take this opportu-

nity of noticing them both, certain that those who possess one will not forego the pleasure and information to be derived from the other. When so able a professional man as Mr. Burnet has shown himself to be, both with his pencil and burin, takes up the pen, for the purpose of communicating his ideas on those principles which, while they ought to direct the artist, deserve equally to be studied by the connoisseur—at least by him who aspires to something more than the mere title, we may be certain of gleaning some important knowledge, and of obtaining a farther insight into those abstruser parts of the theory, which require so much familiarity with the subject, as to escape the penetration of minds otherwise sufficiently conversant with art, and possessing a high relish for its beauties.

It ought not to be supposed, from the modest designation the author has affixed to his work, that these *Practical Hints* are designed merely for learners; or that it is one of those very ingenious publications that profess to teach, in the compass of a few pages, the whole process and practice of painting. So far from being an elementary work, it is rather addressed to those who are already considerably advanced beyond the mere grammar of the art; and who seek to become acquainted with those higher principles which are to be deduced from, and which formed the basis of, the practice of the great masters of the various schools. To execute this task at all, and still more to analyse those principles which, from their very excellence, are so difficult to be detected, as their result completely conceals all appearance of study or artifice,—to do this, at once briefly and perspicuously, was a task that would have deserved our thanks, even had it been less successfully accomplished than we here find it.

In his *Hints on Composition*, Mr. Burnet first treats of angular, next of circular composition, illustrating his subject, as he proceeds, with a variety of ingenious and able remarks, and by a number of very masterly and spirited etchings. From this portion of the work, we select the following extract, as an example of the interesting manner in which he elucidates the principles of which he treats:—

'Many accidental combinations and beautiful effects of nature, arise not merely from their possessing a good general form and a pictorial arrangement of light and shade, but also from the most projecting points being often assisted by a combination of a harsh cutting line, strong, dark, and light, or opposition of local colour, and hence they strike the artist as being applicable to painting; these being the means he finds frequently adopted by the best masters. It is only under such favourable circumstances that the artist can enter the lists with nature; and having but a flat surface to work upon, he is warranted in availing himself of every assistance science can afford. To arrange objects scientifically, to give them, at the same time, the appearance of natural accident, is one of the perfections of the art.

'As the best practical hints are derived



from accidental combinations in nature, whose sudden changes prevent the possibility of sketching, the mind ought to be trained to the most regular and even mechanical mode of arranging the ideas; that in an instant we may be able to determine whether the effects which we perceive depend upon a particular form, upon a particular arrangement of light and shade, or upon the manner in which the hot and cold colours are brought in contact. By thus tracing effects to their proper causes, we secure the principal points as a sort of short-hand notes, to guide and assist the memory. This practice will also open a road of communication between the eye and the operations of the mind, which neither a hasty sketch nor the most learned dissertation can separately produce. At first, it may seem more difficult than it really is; but a few trials will convince the student of its practicability, especially as the effects which strike him as the most pictorial, are generally the most simple.

To know how to look at and study objects, is indeed one very important requisite in an artist; he thus learns to discriminate and treasure up in his memory a thousand beauties, hardly perceptible to a common observer, although the latter recognises their general truth and aggregate value, when transferred to the canvas. We may here remark, *en passant*, that Mr. Burnet has, in our opinion, very properly employed the term pictorial instead of picturesque, which, although they may appear perfectly synonymous, have this shade of distinction, that the former is better adapted to express what relates to the mechanical part, and practice of the art, the other, more proper to express the effect produced upon the mind of the spectator.

This part contains thirty-eight charming etchings, executed with a taste and spirit rarely surpassed: they are likewise exceedingly interesting, as forming, in fact, a miniature gallery, where we meet with the compositions of many of the most eminent masters—Raffaello, Correggio, Guido, Rubens, Claude, Rembrandt, Cuyp, De Laer, West, Wilkie, &c. and one or two by the author himself. The second part is illustrated in the same able and delightful manner, elucidating the principles of light and shade by examples, proceeding from general arrangement and masses to more detailed effect; and that, too, in almost every class of painting—historical, landscape, portrait, domestic scenes, game, &c.

The author so continually refers in his text to these examples, that we are obliged to confine our extracts to such passages as contain general observations. 'Light and shade are capable of producing many results, but the three principal are relief, harmony, and breadth. By the first, the artist is enabled to give his works the distinctness and solidity of nature. The second is the result of an union and consent of one part with another; and the third, a general breadth is the necessary attendant on extent and magnitude. A judicious management of these three properties is to be found in the best pictures of the Italian, Venetian, and Flemish schools, and ought to employ the most attentive exa-

mination of the student; for, by giving too much relief, he will produce a dry hard effect; by too much softness and blending of the parts, woolliness and insipidity; and in a desire to preserve a breadth of effect, he may produce flatness.'

Mr. B. has, very properly, illustrated his subject by various examples from the luminous pencil of that mighty magician of chiaroscuro—Rembrandt. His 'Christ raising Jairus's daughter,' of which we here find a most capital etching, is a wonderful composition, in which brilliancy and solemnity are combined in a manner truly poetical. The minutest accessories, however accidentally they may appear to be introduced, are all made to contribute to the general effect. Altogether, this subject is a fine example of the value and expression of light and shade, independently of other qualities in a picture; and, perhaps, of all others, it is that which more forcibly addresses the imagination, and imparts a mysterious delight, soothing to the eye and congenial to the fancy.

'Rembrandt has often been accused of being artificial in his effects, but he never misses his aim, either in representing the splendid emanations of light or the quiet depths of shadow; the peculiar character of an object either in texture or in colour, and that appearance familiar to the recollection of every one, but to convey which, either in poetry or in painting, is only in the power of a few.'

'Rembrandt seems always to have taken up a leading feature in his works, and to have never lost sight of it. The varieties in his prints are but corroborations of this: as in his anxiety for its preservation, we trace him destroying every impediment, either by covering down or burying whole groups in shadow, or by leaving, in an unfinished state, other groups, with a mere outline to define them. For example, if we take the first state of his print of the Ecce Homo, we perceive he has made Christ the centre of a group, in a quiet broad mass of light, with the strong darks gradating from him right and left, and surrounded by masses of half tint. He has then etched, in the principal group, commencing with the figure addressing the multitude, and terminating with the right hand of Pilate. This portion being in strong light, interspersed with a variety of strong darks, acquires by this means great brilliancy and agitation. We have, therefore, the quiet character of Christ preserved, and his superiority maintained, by his forming the centre of one group and the apex of the other, rising, as Fuseli describes it, 'like a pyramid from the tumultuous waves below.'

Mr. Burnet writes with so much judgment and feeling, and so abundantly is his work stored with intelligent remarks and sound maxims of art in every page, that we look forward, with no small impatience, to the publication of the third and concluding portion, in which he purposes to illustrate similarly, by practical examples, the theory of colouring; feeling assured that he will treat it with no less ability. Such a work is still a desideratum in our treatises on art, which have hitherto merely referred to the practice of eminent masters, without such

specimens as are indispensably requisite to enable the student to judge immediately of the results of the different manners pointed out for his example.

### THE DRAMA, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Saturday last, Miss M. R. Mitford's tragedy, entitled—*The Foscari*, was performed for the first time at this house. There are two visionary charges brought against its fair author: one—that a female, from her want of mingling with the world, and the more boisterous portions of mortality, cannot picture from the observance of nature, those clashing and vehement passions which must ever form the basis of tragedy; the other, that the theme of Miss Mitford's present production, has already been immortalized by the pen of the talented and lamented Byron. To the first, we answer—that experience is usually accredited knowledge, and although men, in the plenitude of their mental powers, may conceive that they alone are capable of erecting a shrine to Melpomene, it has been found that female adoration to the tragic muse has been acceptable in her sight. Witness the inspired, strong, and nervous dramas of Joanna Baillie, and the tragedies of Miss Mitford. On the second, we observe that no degree of plagiarism can be traced to the author of *Foscari*; the only assimilation between Byron's drama and this tragedy is, that in both, the doge tries his guiltless son; yet even this takes place under different circumstances, and detracts not from the originality of the latter production. We sincerely congratulate the fair author—not on her success—for success, lately, has been unduly obtained, but on her having produced a sterling and legitimate tragedy, honorable to herself, and to dramatic literature. The following is a brief analysis of the plot: Count Erizzo, a senator, attended by Celso, a follower, is discovered in a street of Venice. Donato, another of the council of ten, and the most approved friend of the elder Foscai, meets them. Erizzo, with the knowledge that he is not in much favour with the doge, urges Donato to present to him a petition, begging a vacant place for one of his villain friends. The petition is refused, and, in consequence, the impetuous, but warm-hearted Donato, gives vent to many observations derogatory to the power of the chief magistrate, and at variance with his senatorial wisdom.—The crafty conspirator then mentions, that the doge's son, Francesco Foscara, is enamoured of the Duke of Milan's daughter, and has forgotten his plighted faith to Camilla, the child of Donato. Exasperated at this intelligence, the infuriated father listens to the wily suggestions of Erizzo, that the doge is too old for office, and eventually enters into a plan for his deposition. In full council this is carried into effect—the conspirator masking his own enmity under the veil of anxiety for the public weal. The elder Foscari meets the charges brought against him with much dignity, and leaves the ducal chair, when Francesco, his son, (long absent on the wars,)



bursts into the council-chamber crowned with victory, refuses to deliver his despatches unless to the doge, discovers the machinations of the senate, and, with his own hand, unbosoms his father, and resigns with indignation the sword he had wielded on behalf of the republic. On the repentance of the assembly, the old man again resumes his state, and retires, accompanied by his courageous son. The interest of this portion of the tragedy is very intense; and the anger of Donato, the cunning of Erizzo, the chivalric bearing of Francesco, and the calm and upright conduct of the doge, are finely and appropriately contrasted. Donato has a son, Cosmo, who is the bosom friend of the young Foscari; with his consent, and yet not wishing to awaken the angry feeling of Donato, Francesco privately visits Camilla: midnight is the time of assignation, and the lovers meet. The intention had been overheard by Erizzo, and he employs Celso, a willing instrument, to murder, on his return, the enamoured youth: a storm ominously comes on; steps are heard approaching, and Francesco is urged by Camilla to fly: with all the lingering looks of a lover, he at length departs, when a cry of horror and pain is heard, and 'Murder!—Foscari!' is uttered in her father's voice. A transposition of scene ensues; and the re-velings at the doge's palace is beheld, in which a national dance is well executed by sundry fair ones of the *corps de ballet*. Francesco makes his appearance, and is about to join in the festivity, when Erizzo rushes in, and, in the presence of the whole assemblage, accuses the younger Foscari with the recent murder of Donato, in which charge he is joined by the infuriated Cosmo. With a calm eye and a steady look of innocence, the young warrior rebuts this serious attack, but is at last committed to prison, to await on the morrow his trial. The fourth act opens with the judgment-hall; the senators in full costume, with the doge presiding; circumstantial evidence is adduced, to prove the presence of Francesco at the Donato Palace on the night of the murder, and Cosmo himself bears witness against him. The dead body (unnecessarily) is brought in, and Camilla, in a bewildered state, is led into court. With all the high daring of woman's love, she, in affection's eloquence, declares his innocence, yet is at last obliged reluctantly to confess to the hearing of the words—'Murder—Foscari.' The senate retire, to consider their verdict, and the sentence of death, in consequence of the prisoner's eminent services, is commuted to perpetual banishment. The enmity of Cosmo is still unchanged, and on hearing that his sister will accompany Francesco in his exile, urged by Erizzo, he seeks them out, taunts the young Foscari with the appellation of coward—they fight, Camilla flies for assistance, and, on her return, discovers the exultation of Erizzo, the grief of her brother, and the dying state of her betrothed lord. At this juncture, the innocence of Francesco is clearly proved, and the guilt, from the confession of the assassin, traced to Erizzo, who is led off to punishment; the curtain falls on the grief-stricken doge, the fainting

Camilla, and the corse of the gallant though unfortunate Foscari.

In this imperfect sketch, it will be seen, that there is considerable action. The first and second acts are incomparably fine; and the admixture of garrulity and manliness in the old doge is in perfect keeping with a heart strong in its days of youth, and in age not forgetting nor losing its high renown.

Young's personification of this ancient Lord of Venice was tempered and chaste—not one of its many points were overlooked, and in the council scene his majestic delivery gave forcible expression to appropriate words. We lament he had so little to do in the later acts, yet his glance on beholding his dying son had more of grief in it than speech could possibly have conveyed. Charles Kemble as the younger Foscari, looked and spoke like a hero; tender and impassioned to his lady-love, we wonder not Camilla braved such ordeals for his sake; nor in the part where he unbosomed his father and chid the senators was he less admirable; as the chieftain or the lover—grave or gay, the defender of his parent—or the accused of the darkest crime of earthly growth he was equally true to nature. Ward evidently improves—in Erizzo his action was in accordance with the darkness of his character, and his fine low manly tones, venting his rage in being foiled, or in planning guilt anew, gave double depth to his words of sin, and made his vraisemblance of a crafty traitor complete. Nor must we refuse our praise to Serle; we never remember him to have appeared to more advantage than as Cosmo; his voice is certainly not one fitted to the dimensions of a large theatre, but he amply made up for this deficiency in judgment and careful reading; his somewhat diminutive figure is likewise against him,—let him forbear personifying princes, and we doubt not his services will be very available. Mrs. Sloman, in Camilla, was every thing to be desired, her acting throughout was distinguished by an acute perception of nature, and the more passionate passages she gave with thrilling beauty. Messrs. Horrebow and Fitzharris are really a disgrace to the establishment—minor as were their stations in this tragedy, the managers are not only hurting their own interests, but undermining the fame of any author, by allowing them the power of theatrical speech: we hope for better things. A neatly written prologue was well delivered by Mr. Serle. Of epilogue we had none.

*The Foscari* met with deserved success, and was given out for repetition, by Mr. Young, amid the unanimous and continued applauses of the audience.

#### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Brown, the celebrated botanist, to whom Sir Joseph Banks left the use and entire control of his splendid library, during Mr. Brown's life, with an annuity of 200l. per annum to keep it up, was on Tuesday, elected a Fellow of the Horticultural Society.

It is said that a young lady of much beauty with great mental powers, will make a public appearance in the character of Belvidera.

A new tragedy from the pen of a young nobleman is forthcoming at Drury Lane.—*La Porte* the French comedian is engaged for the same theatre.

A new piece entitled *The White Lady* is in preparation at Covent Garden.

On Monday, a general assembly of the Academicians was held at their apartments in Somerset House, when Mr. Edwin Landseer, and Mr. John Peter Gandy were elected Associates of the Royal Academy of Art.

The Haymarket Theatre will close on Wednesday evening, when Madame Vestris will speak a farewell address. The season, we understand, has been uncommonly prosperous.

Mr. Northcote, the historical painter, and royal academician, has in the press a volume of original fables, one hundred in number, and which will be embellished with no fewer than three hundred wood-engravings, executed, large and small, in the first style of the art. The invention of many of the designs is by Mr. Northcote himself; but the whole of the drawings, as well as the invention of the entire series of tail-pieces, &c. is by Mr. Harvey, to whose graver we owe the admirable wood-engraving of *Dentatus*. Fifty-six of the engravings are the work of five or six artists of established reputation; but the whole remainder of the three hundred, are executed or executing by Mr. Jackson, a younger aspirant, whose fame, if not sufficiently fixed by the approbation of Messrs. Northcote and Harvey themselves, will assuredly derive every advantage from the public inspection of his work.

M. Emile Bonnechose has just brought out, at the Theatre François at Paris, a successful tragedy called *Rosamonde*; he is a young man, and this is his first effort; his name (which would indicate something excellent,) was announced in the theatre amidst general applause.

*Sir Humphrey Davy's Protectors.*—The Dartmouth frigate, Captain Henry Dundas, was brought into dock this week, to have her bottom examined, after having the copper protected on the plan of Sir Humphrey Davy; when it was found that the influence produced by these protectors, in preserving the copper, had produced a most extraordinary effect, for by reducing the oxidation which before took place on the copper, which separated from it most of the substances that adhered to it, the bottom had become extremely foul, so that within ten or twelve feet of the protectors, it was entirely covered, and in thick patches all over, of serpula, oysters, muscles, and other shell-fish, and so firmly had they adhered to the copper, that it was found impossible in many parts to clean it off. It is now fully established that Sir Humphrey Davy's experiment for preserving the copper on ship's bottoms has failed; that is, the cast-iron protectors doubtless preserve the copper, but they operate at the same time so much to increase the foulness of it, that the remedy is worse than the disease. The protectors are therefore ordered to be removed from all sea-going ships, and be continued only on such as are in a quiescent state.



# THE BEE, OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

## A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

The lottery's *puffed* its latest sigh,  
And kicked its latest prance;  
Well, 'tis no wonder *that* should die  
Which only lived *by chance*.

Nov. 6, 1826.

G. D.

A silver cradle, an odd kind of perquisite, is said to belong to the Lord Mayor of London whose lady may produce him an infant during his mayoralty: if this be correct, Lady Venables gained the prize just an hour before his lordship relinquished his title of right honorable.

An Irish paper says, that the peasantry of Munster enjoy a version of Moore's Melodies in the native tongue. The translation has been executed by a Catholic clergyman in the diocese of Limerick; but we are not certain whether it is sacred or amatory.

Those who are honest and free from pride have seldom secrets to conceal—but the circles of the great and fashionable are not to be approached without a noise of whisperings—'This is a secret,' 'That must not be mentioned.' In the approaches to the green-rooms of our theatres these kind of whisperings abound; and the probability that the King's Theatre will open about the 25th, has made 'secrets' plentiful.

**Despotism.**—Despotism loves luxury, and loves it in a way the most inaccessible to the people,—it is lavish, and, after the first satiety of the senses, must look for its indulgence in ornament and splendour. It expends its superfluities on fine pictures and statues; it gratifies its own tastes by magnificent architecture; and if it stoop to solicit popularity in any form, solicits by dazzling the public eye; and feels some faint atonement for its public evils in the brilliant profusion and lasting grandeur of its public memorials. This was the history of taste under the whole long line of French despotism, under the despots who lorded it over the nominal republics of modern Italy, under even the sluggish, sun-withered, half-African sovereignty of Spain. Republicanism even in its mildest form, is a spirit of labour, narrow equality of means, of struggle and suspicion, the rugged denizen of a scanty and reluctant soil—the genius of the spade and the sword. Despotism is the lordly and voluptuous spirit that disdains to shake its wings in the open air of Heaven, a shape of the palace and of the banquet—the picture and the song; the splendid sensualist encircled by splendour.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ASMODEUS in our next.

The Posthumous Letters of Andrew Wiley, Esq., shall have early attention.

*Works just published:*—The Heart, by Percy Rolfe, 4s. 6d.—The Revolt of the Bees, 12s. 6d.—Cornaro on Health, 2s. 6d.—Percier's Decomposition of the London Pharmacopœia, 1s. 6d.—O'Keefe's Memoirs, two vols. 8vo.—The Literary Souvenir, 12s.—The Young Rifleman's Comrade, 9s. 6d. one vol.—Torr Hill, three vols.—Cradock's Memoirs, Vol 2, 8vo.—Ahab, a Poem.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | 8 o'clock Morning. | 1 o'clock Noon. | 11 o'clock Night. | Barom. 1 o'clock Noon. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|------------------------|----------|
| Nov. 3            | 44                 | 51              | 46                | 29 88                  | Fair.    |
| .... 4            | 44                 | 46              | 45                | .. 77                  | Rain.    |
| .... 5            | 45                 | 49              | 45                | .. 84                  | Do.      |
| .... 6            | 44                 | 43              | 33                | .. 80                  | Do.      |
| .... 7            | 32                 | 41              | 32                | .. 95                  | Fine.    |
| .... 8            | 32                 | 42              | 32                | 30 09                  | Do.      |
| .... 9            | 33                 | 41              | 35                | .. 18                  | Do.      |

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